

GOLD
KEY

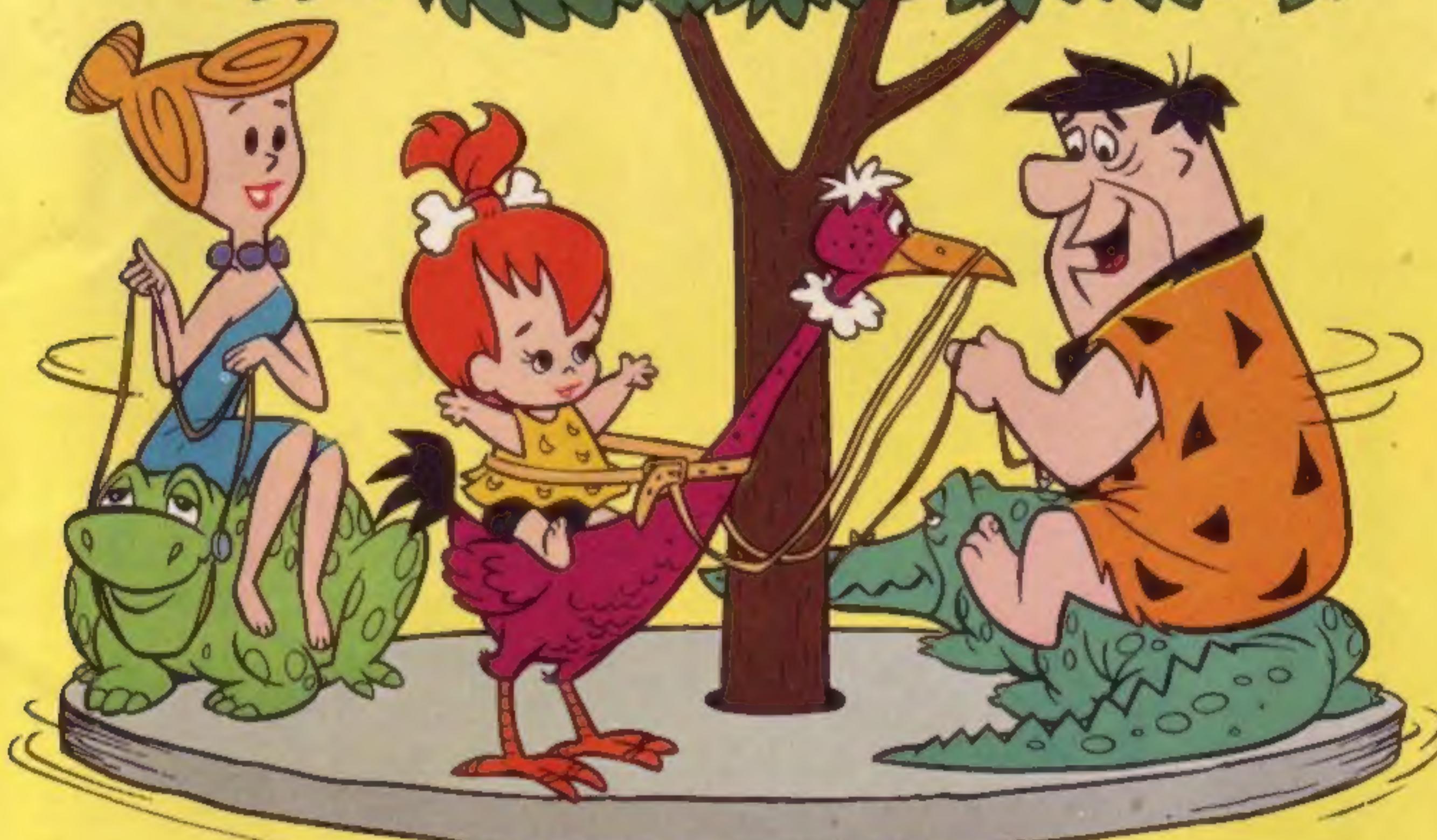
THE FLINTSTONES

NOW ONLY 12c

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NOVEMBER

ANIMATION
BY HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES



THE MERRY RUN-AROUND

PACK UP, FRED! IT'S
TIME TO WALK HOME!

(ULP!)



I GUESS I HAVE ALL OF
PEBBLES' THINGS! LET'S GO!



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
THE MERRY RUN-AROUND

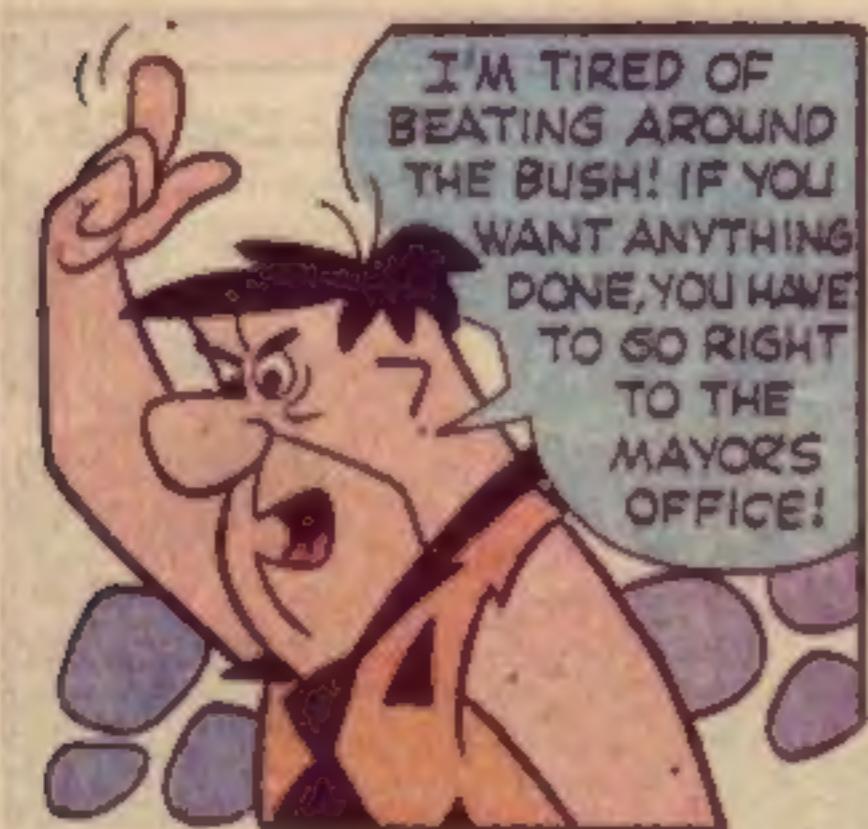
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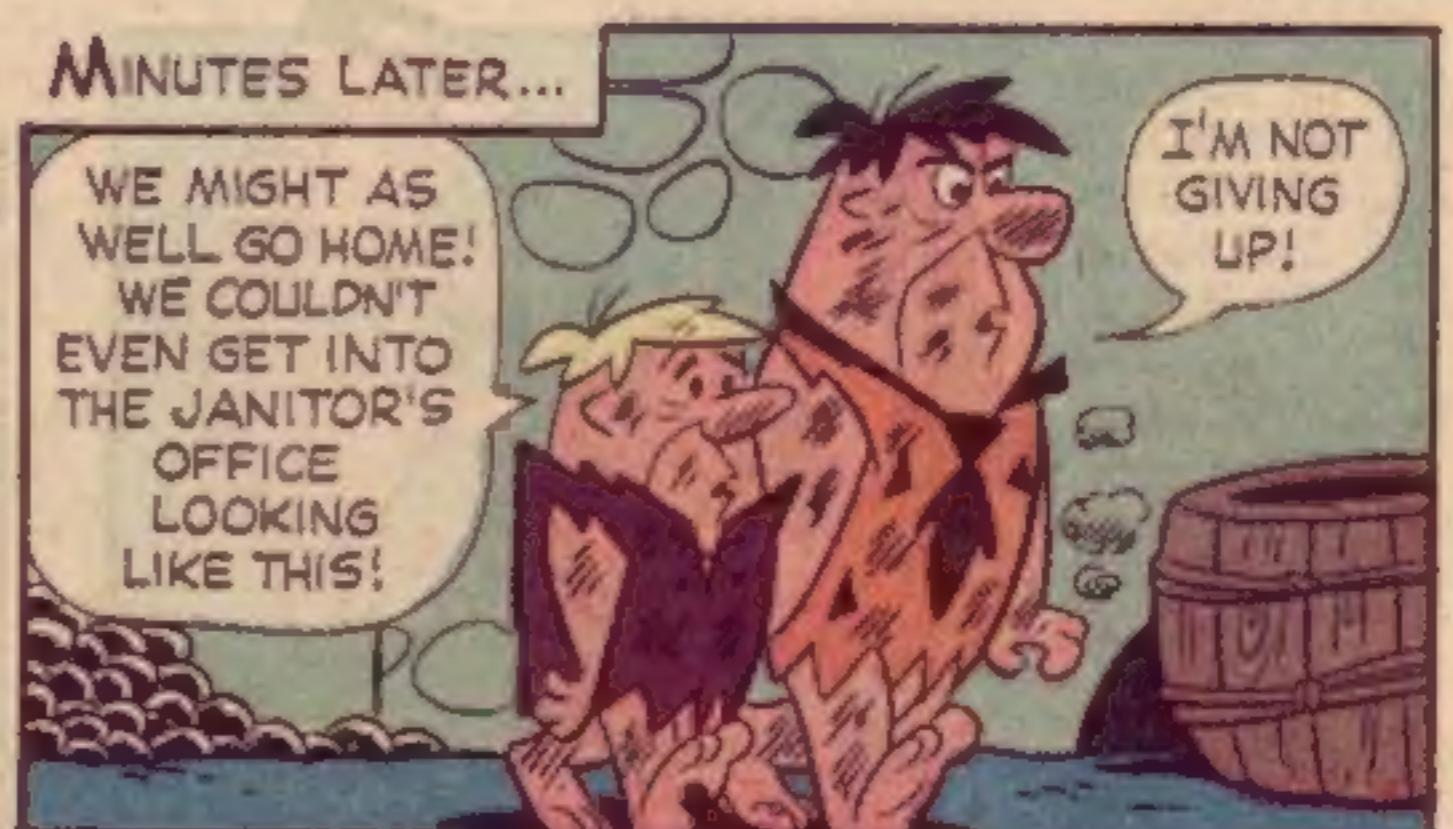


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MINUTES LATER, AS FRED AND BARNEY CLEAN UP...



UNFORTUNATELY FOR OUR HEROES, THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE MAIN PART OF THE CITY HALL BUILDING...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOBODY HAS SEEN US!

IN A MINUTE, THE GUY WE WANT TO SEE *LEAST* WILL SEE US! THE GUARD!

QUICK! WE'LL DUCK IN HERE UNTIL HE GOES AWAY!

YIPE! WE'RE BACK IN THE MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE!

MARY, HAVEN'T THOSE DIGNITARIES FROM SUMARI ARRIVED YET? I...OH, THERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! LET'S BE ON YOUR WAY!

BUT, YOUR HONOR...

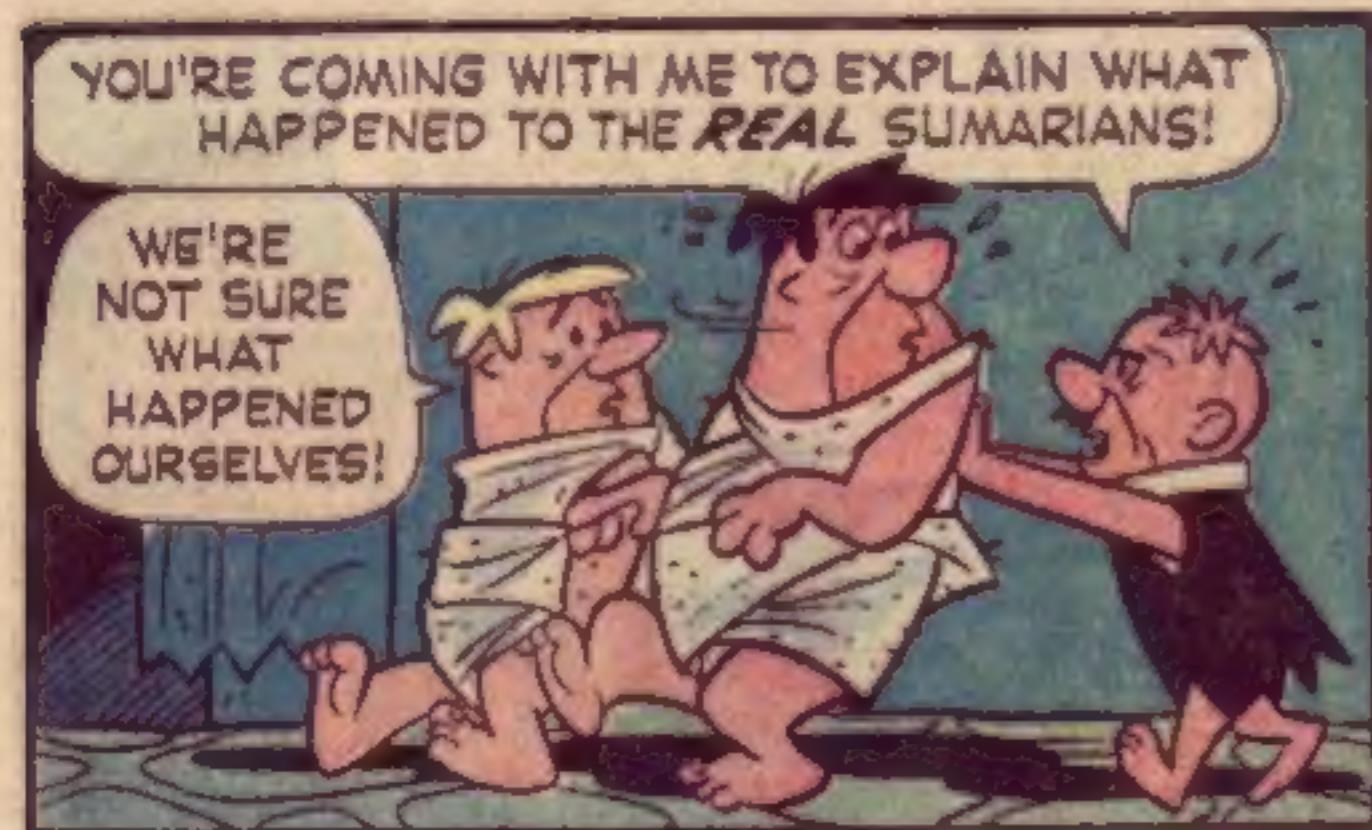
NOT NOW, MARY! WE'RE DUE AT A BANQUET!

ER... MR. MAYOR... WE'RE SORRY, BUT...

NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY! YOUR PLANE WAS PROBABLY DELAYED!

HE THINKS WE'RE SOMEBODY ELSE! WHAT DO WE DO?

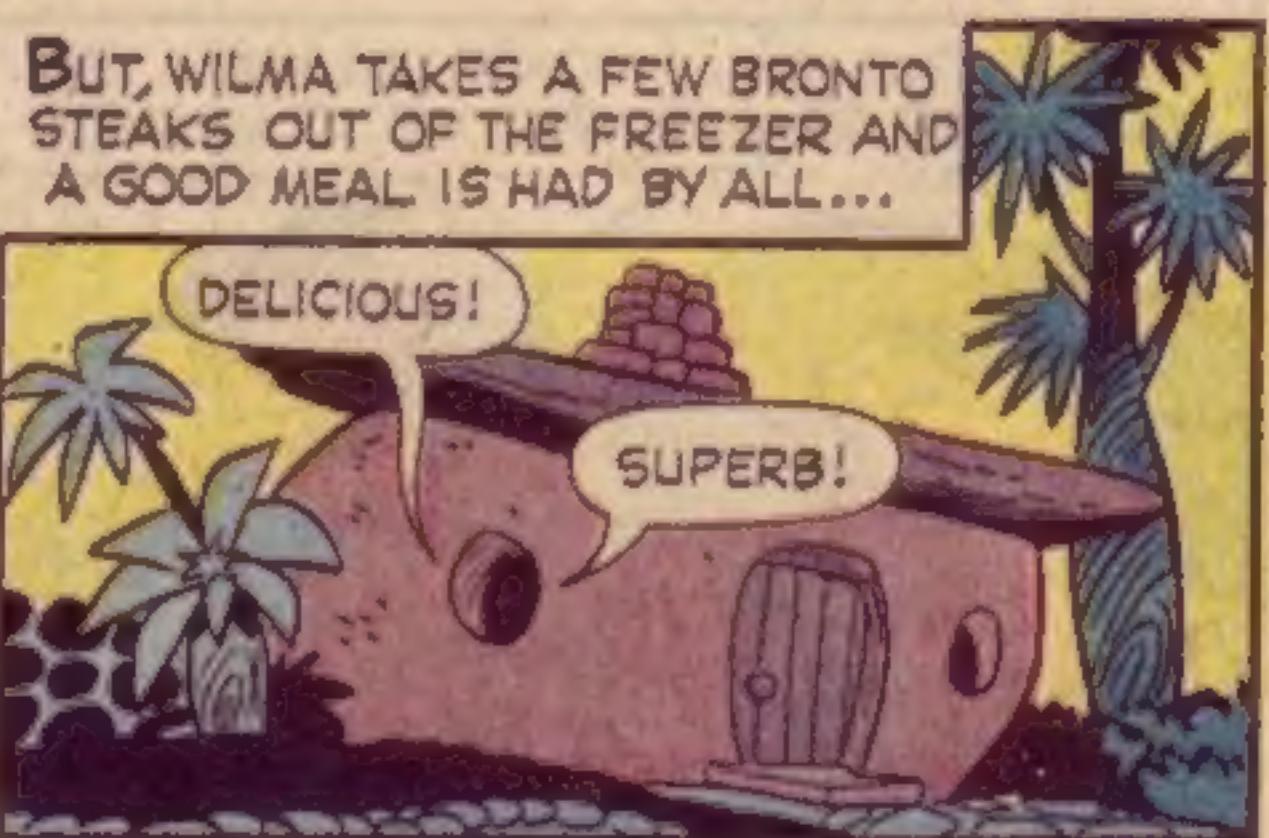
I THINK THE BEST THING IS A MOUTH-SHUT POLICY!



SHORTLY...

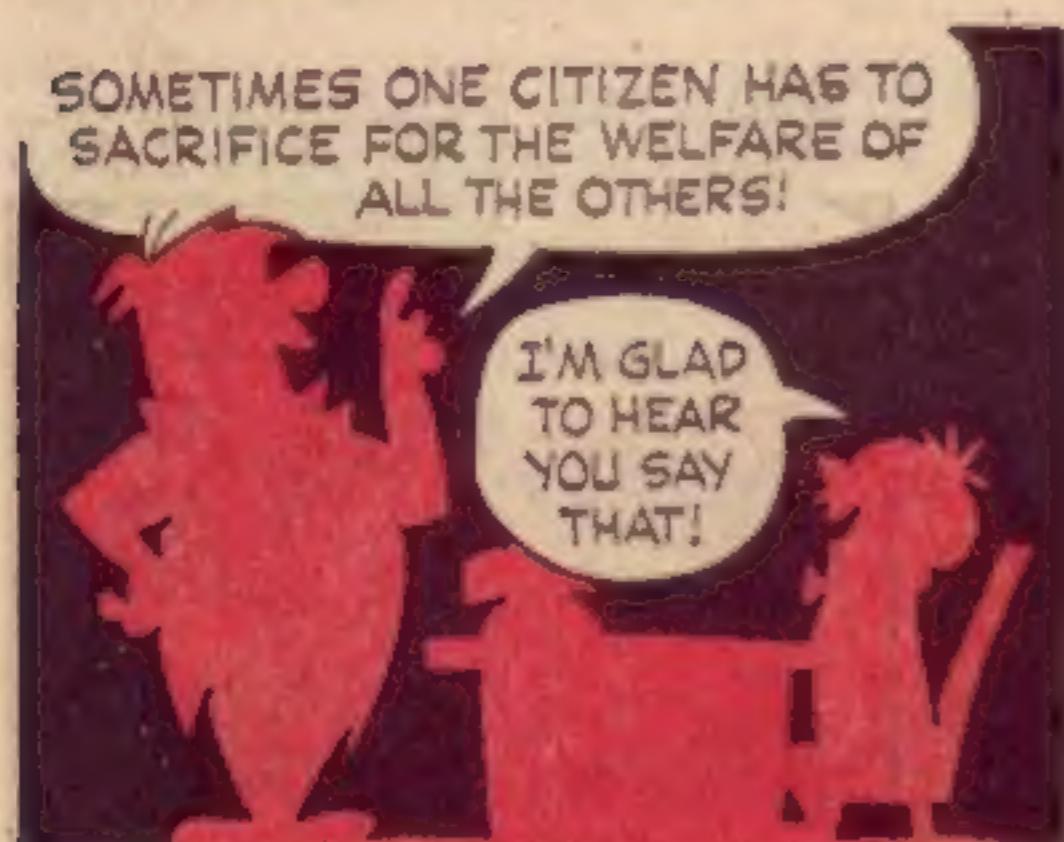


WHAT PART
OF SUMARIA
ARE YOU
FROM?



AFTER DINNER...

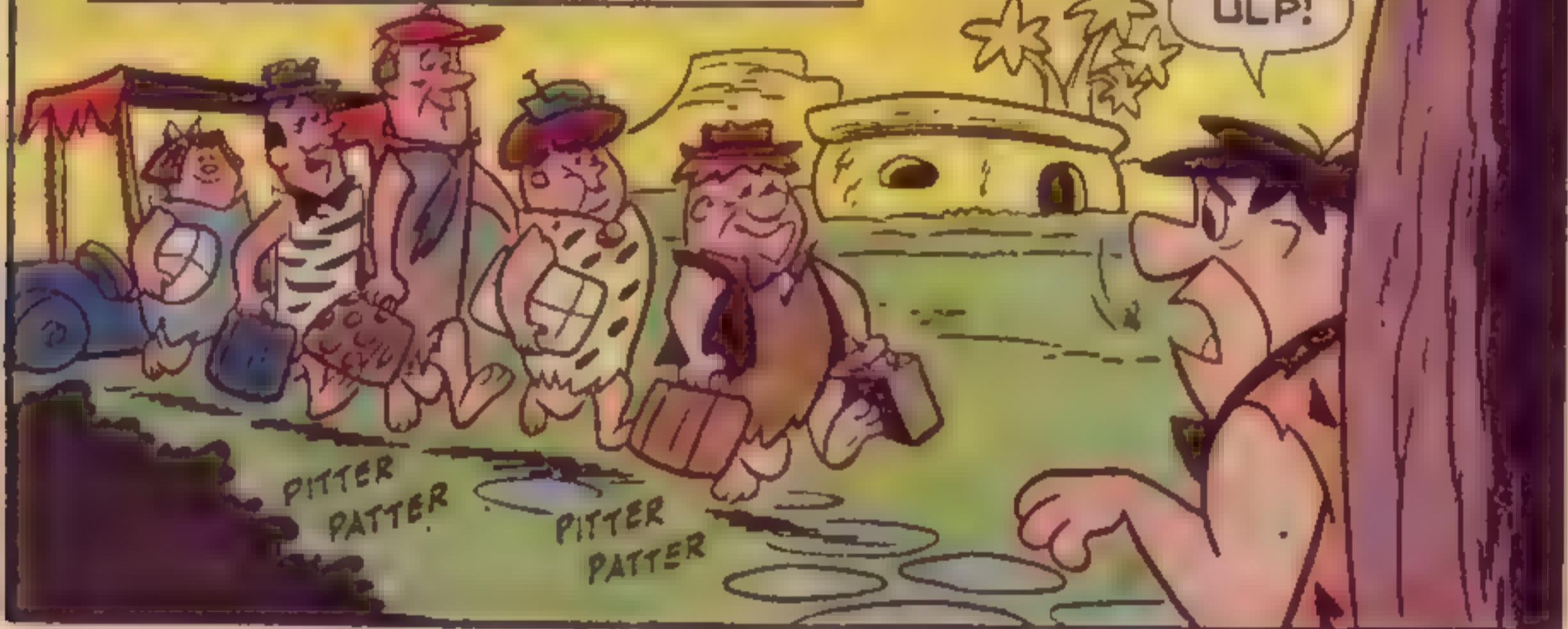




Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

STRAINED RELATIONS

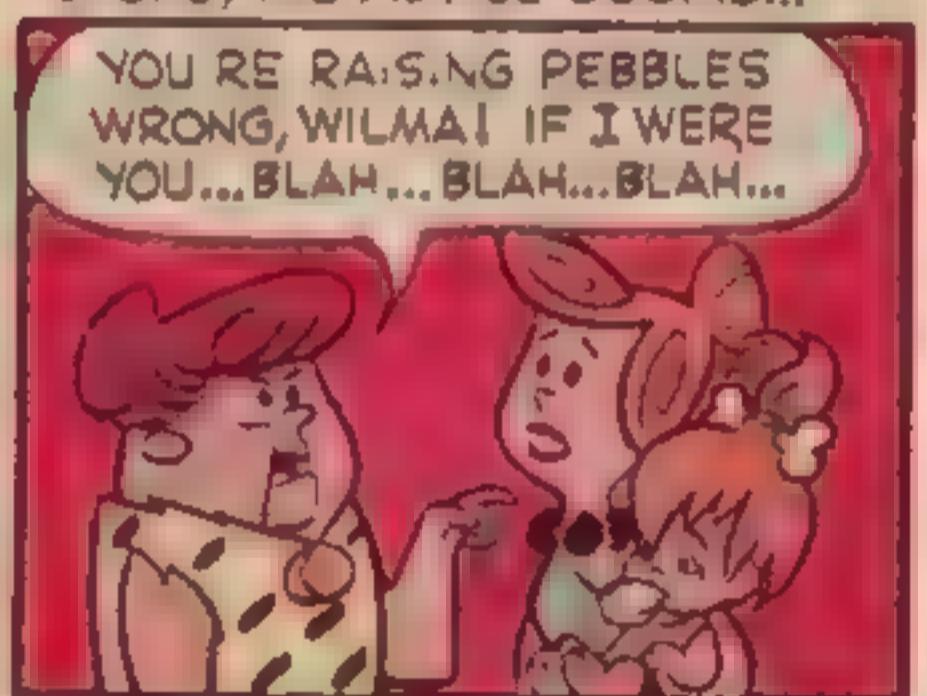
"WHEN A BABY IS BORN, YOU DON'T JUST HEAR THE PITTER-PATTER OF ITS LITTLE FEET! YOU ALSO HEAR THE PITTER-PATTER OF A LOT OF RELATIVES' FEET..."



"THEN YOU BEGIN TO HEAR THE MUNCH-MUNCHING OF BIG MOUTHS..."



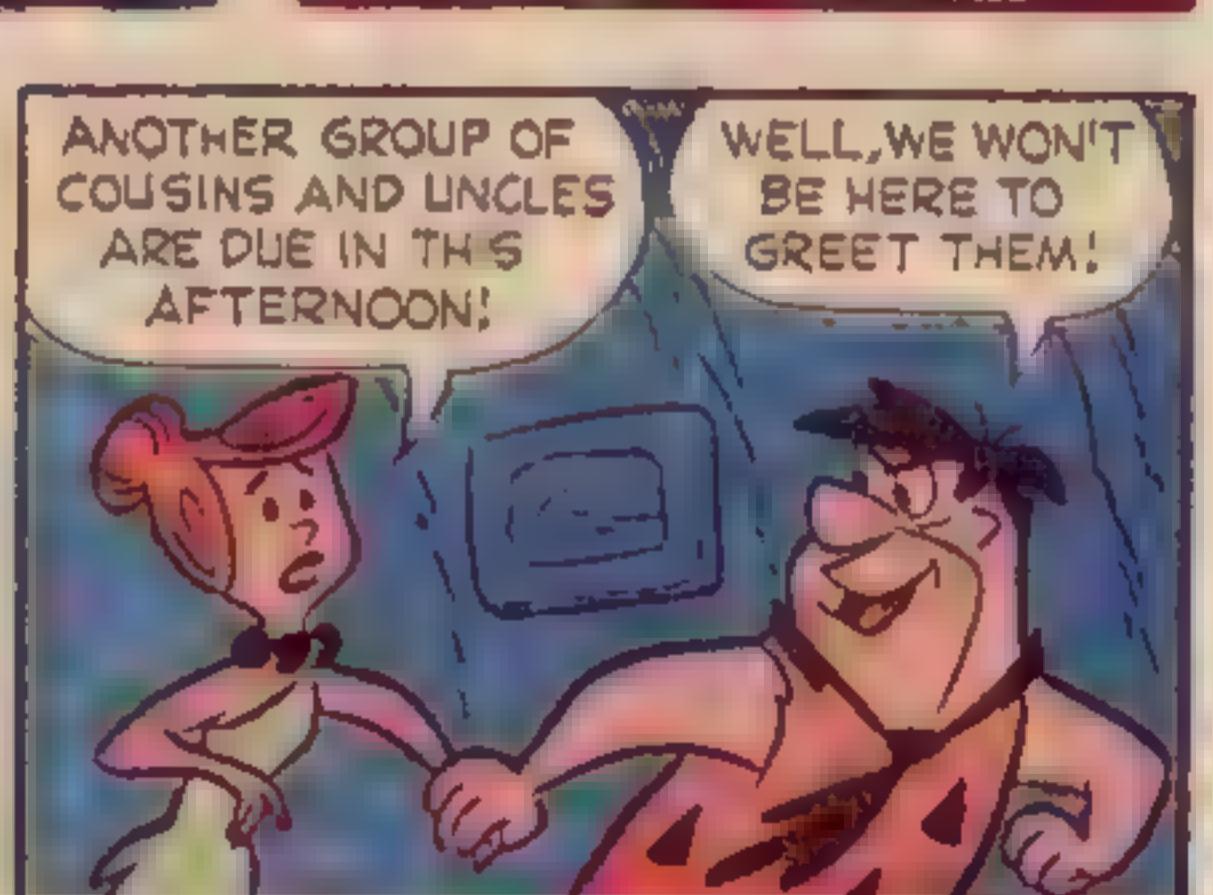
"AND WHEN THE MUNCHING STOPS, THE ADVICE BEGINS..."

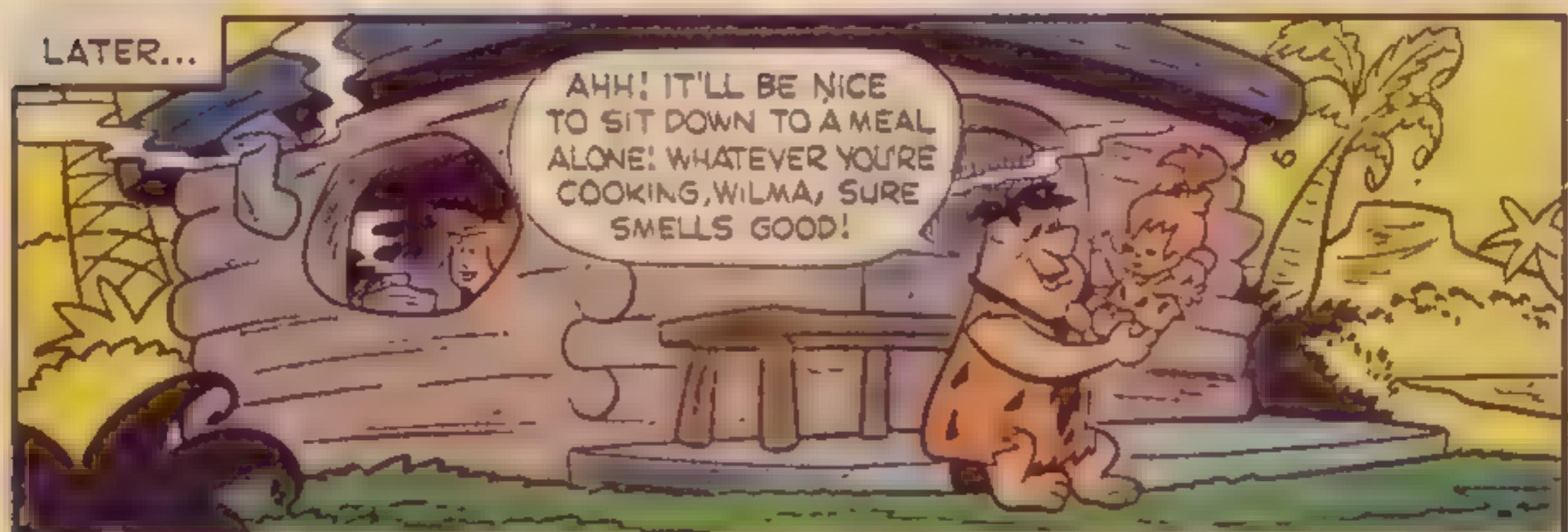
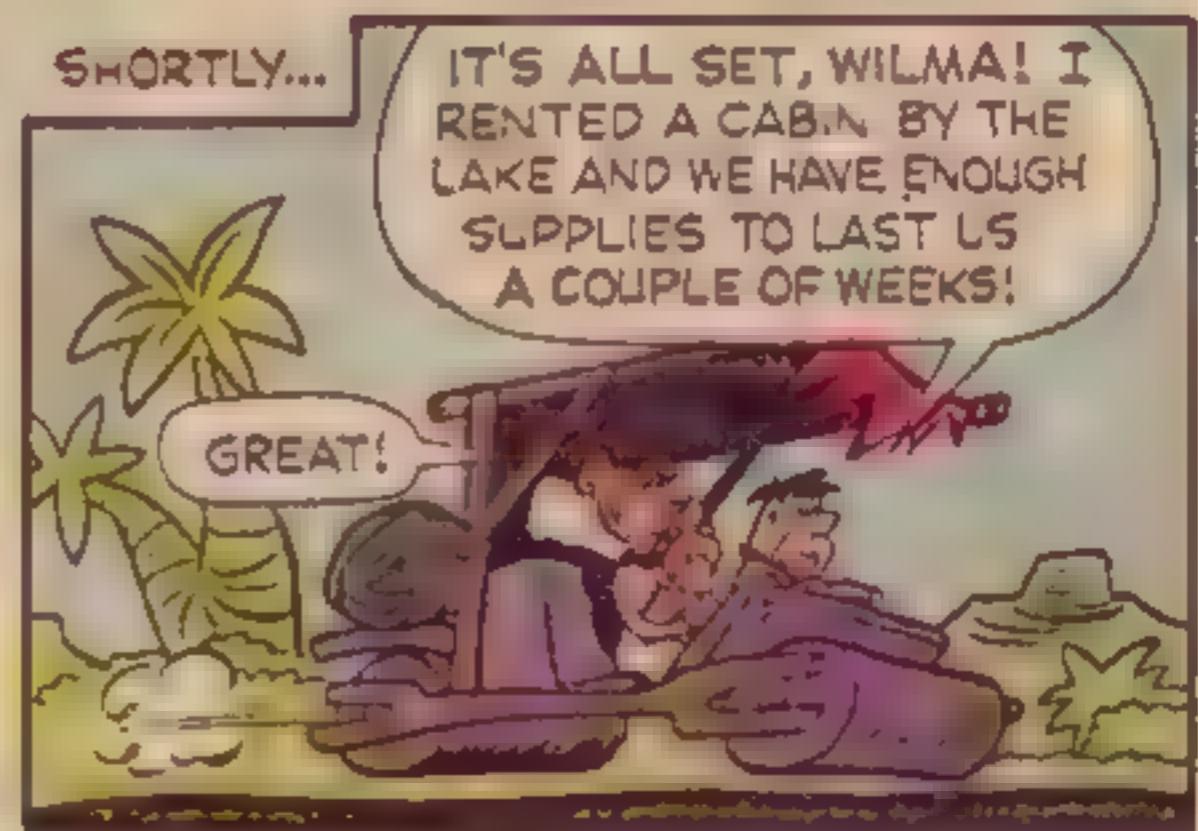
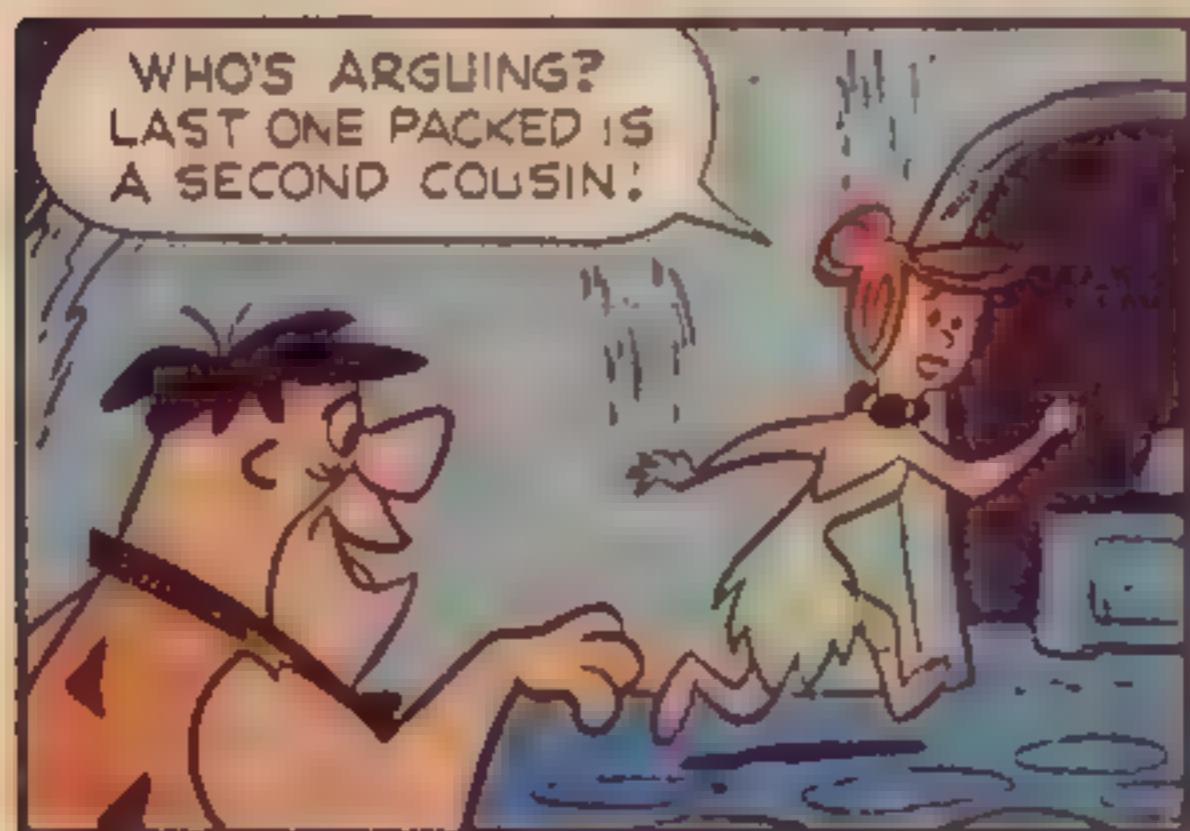


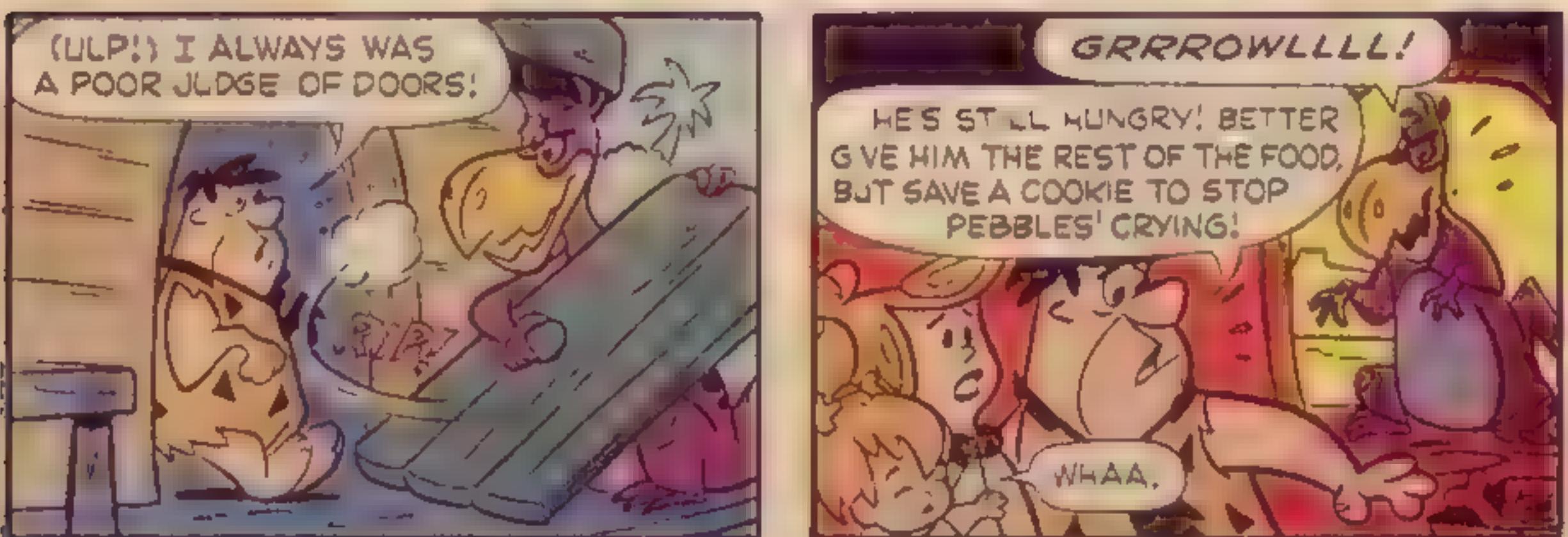
"FINALLY..."

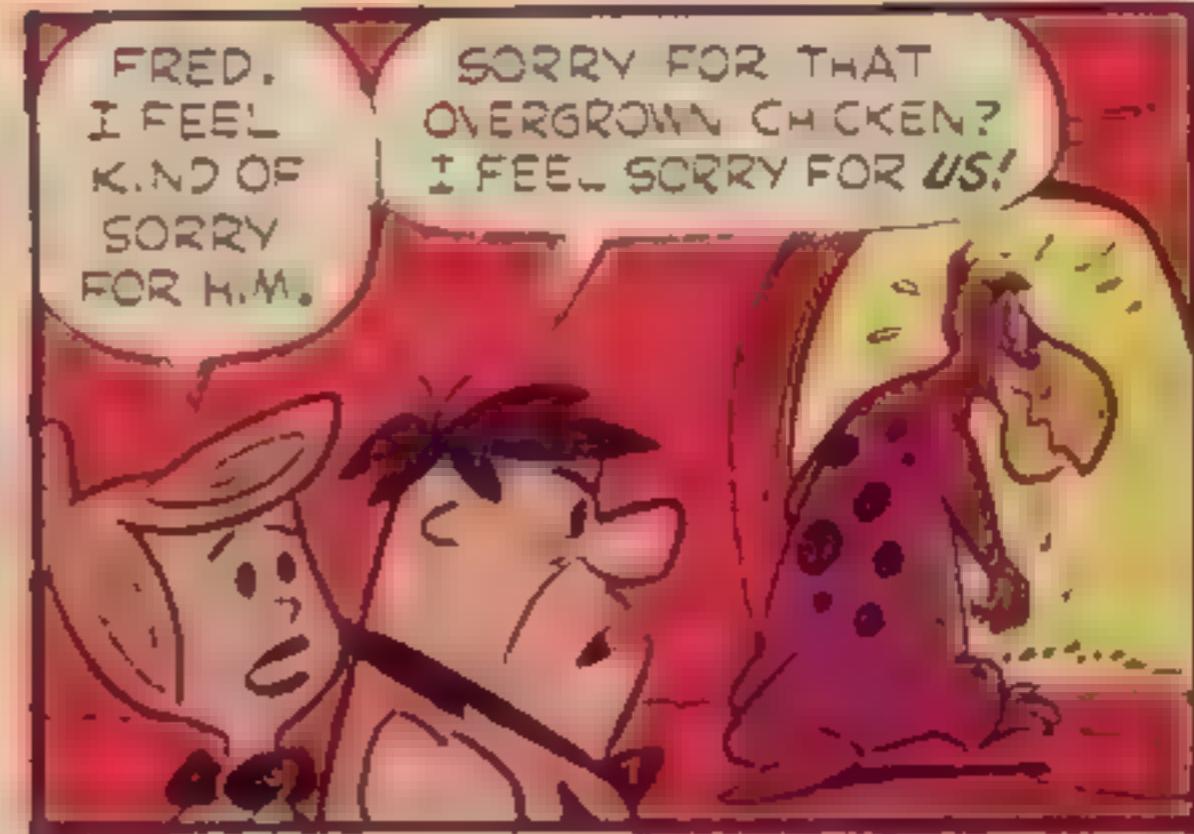
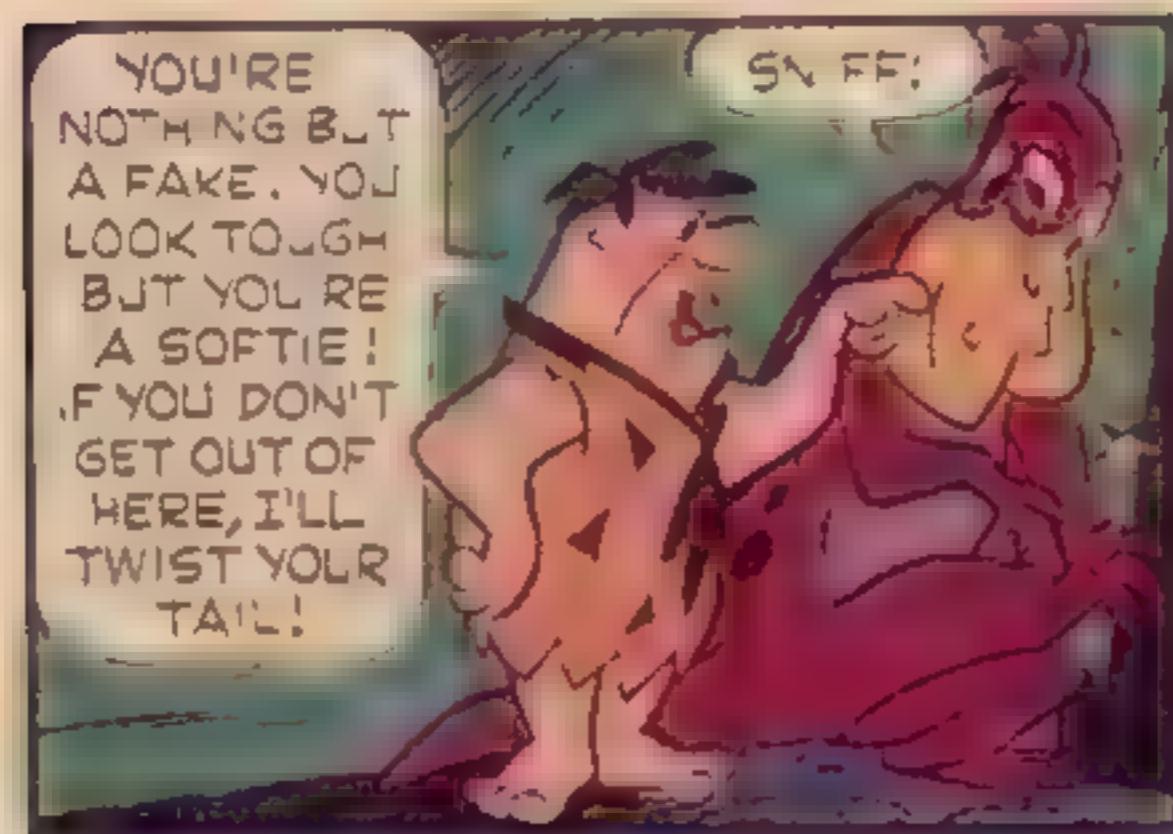
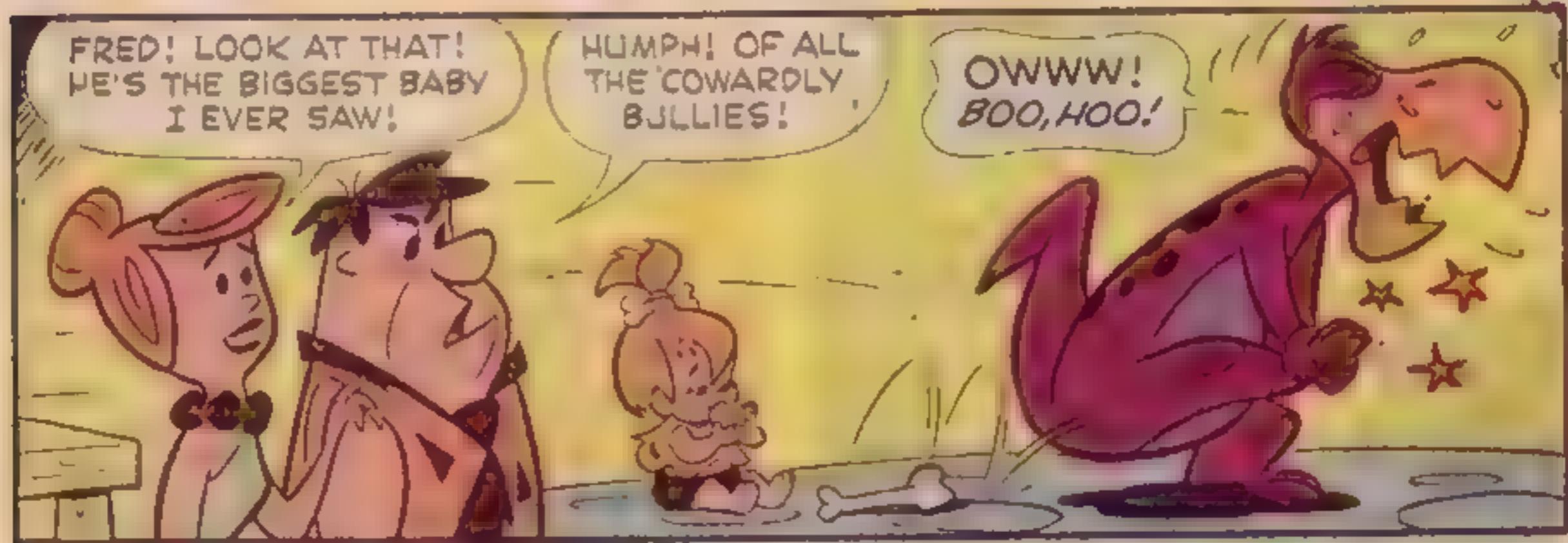
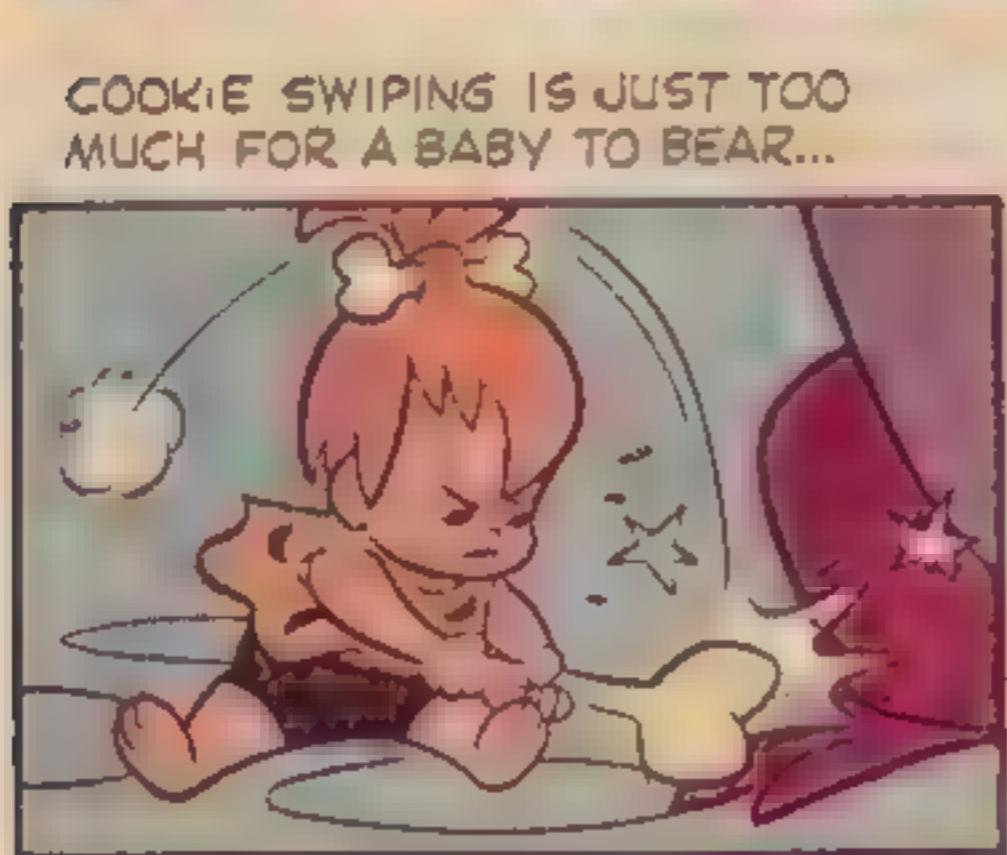
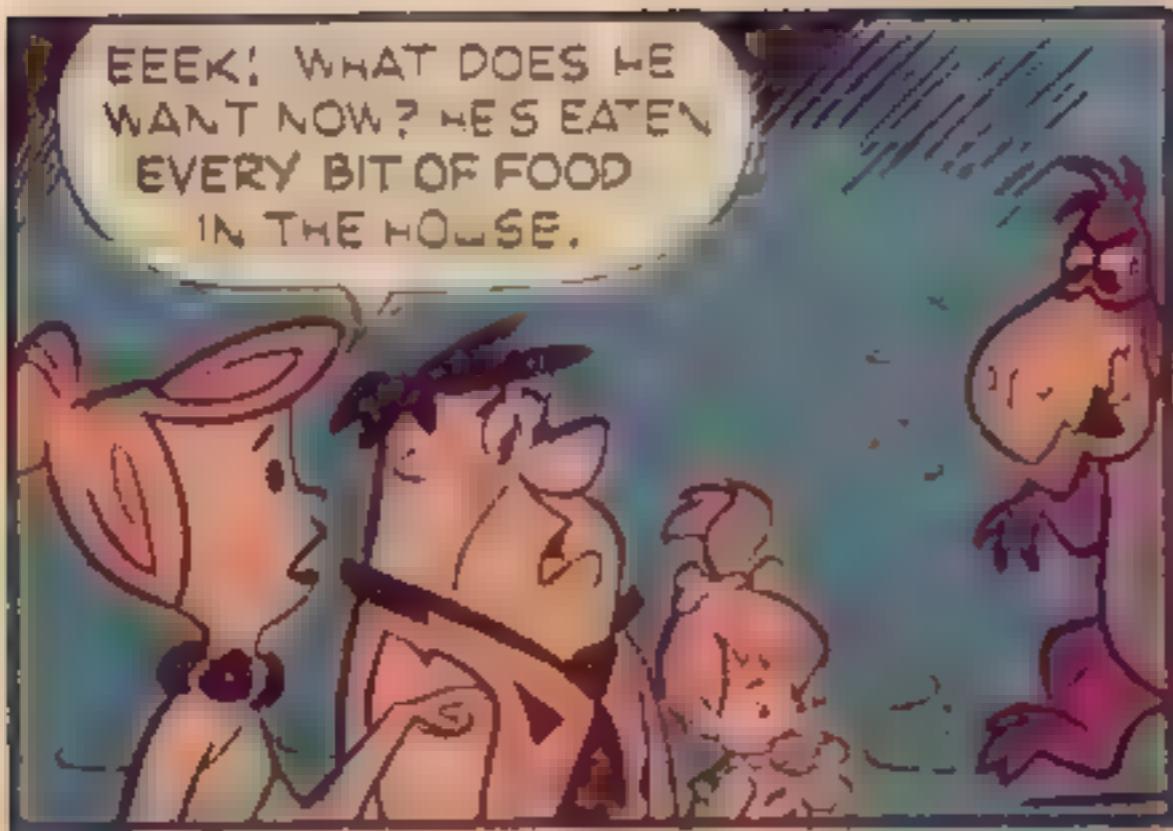


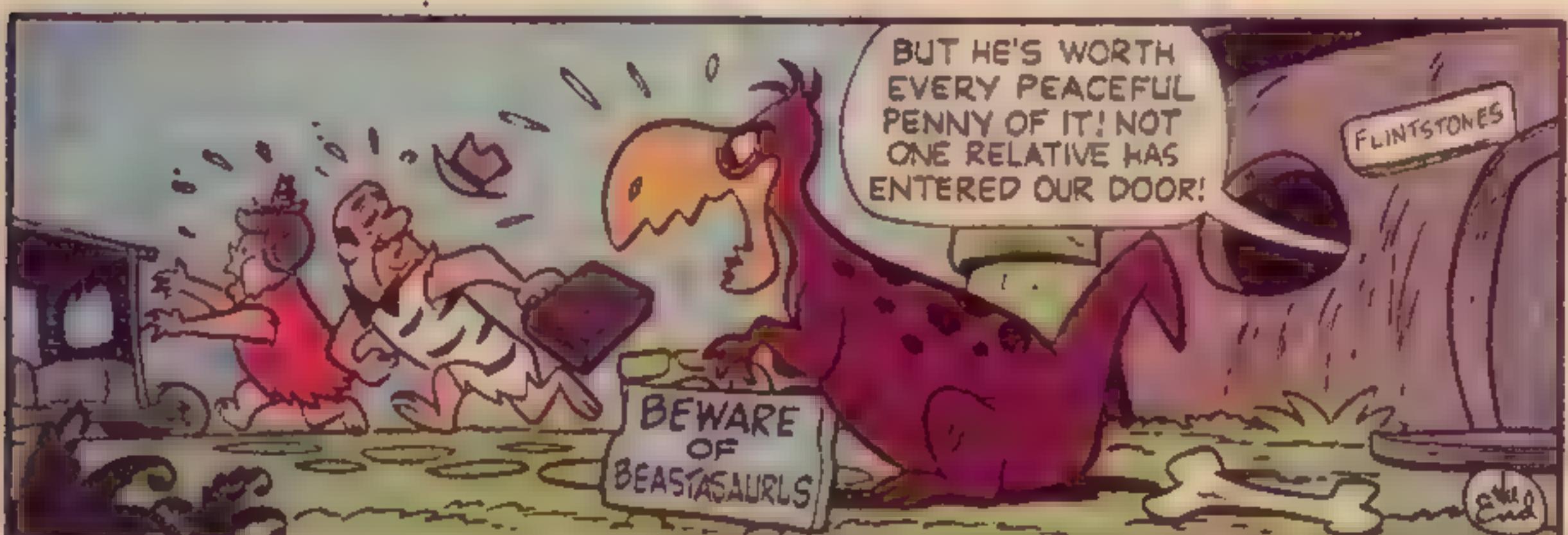
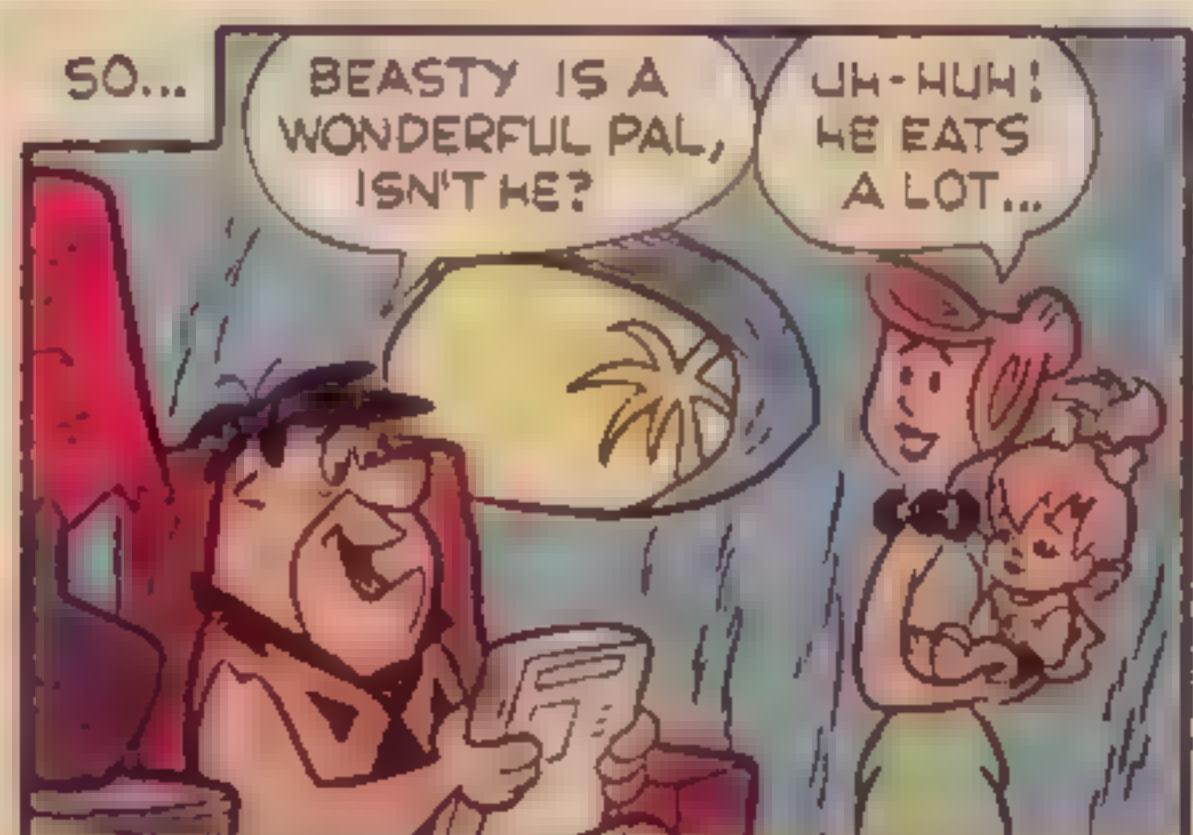
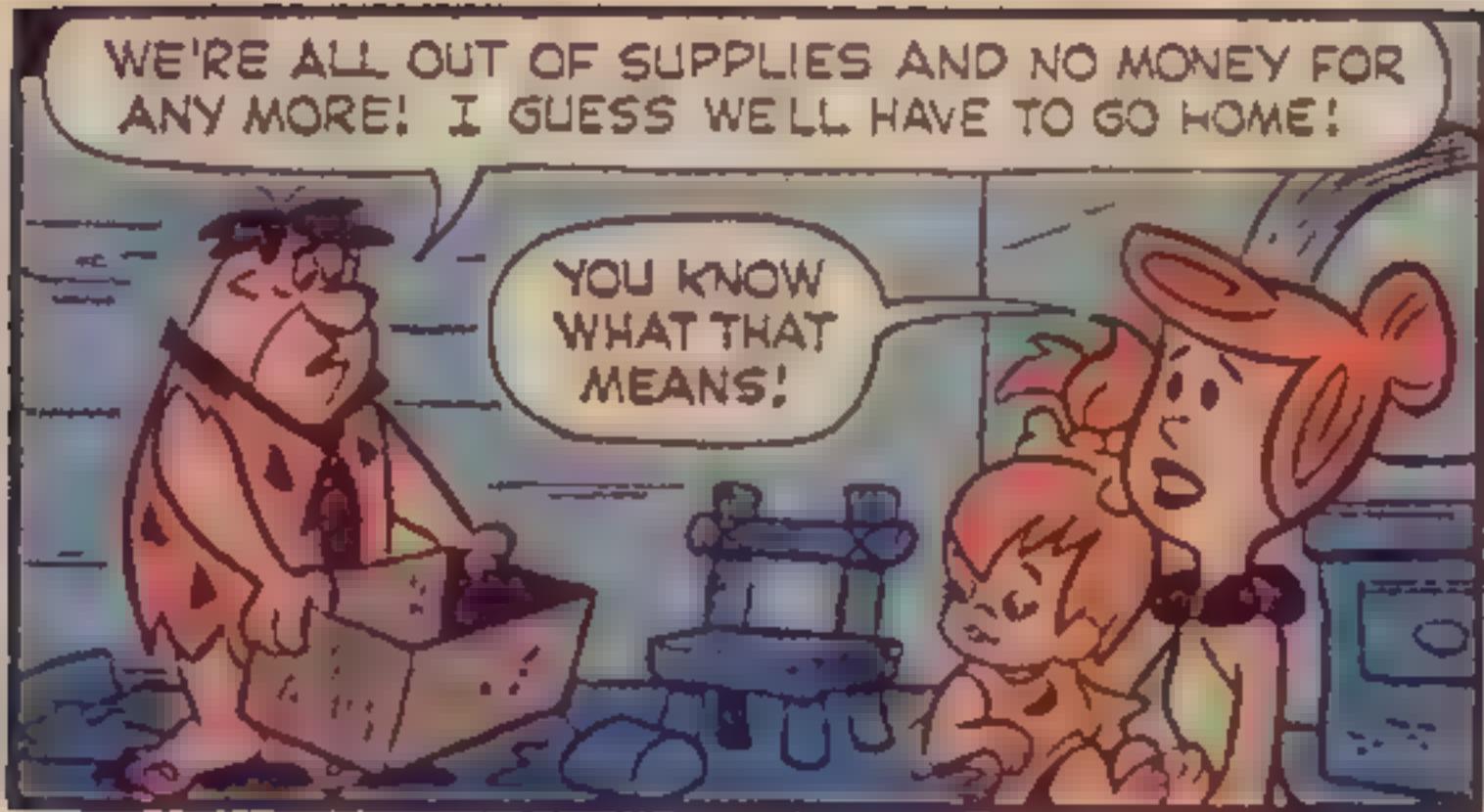
ANOTHER GROUP OF COUSINS AND UNCLES ARE DUE IN THIS AFTERNOON!







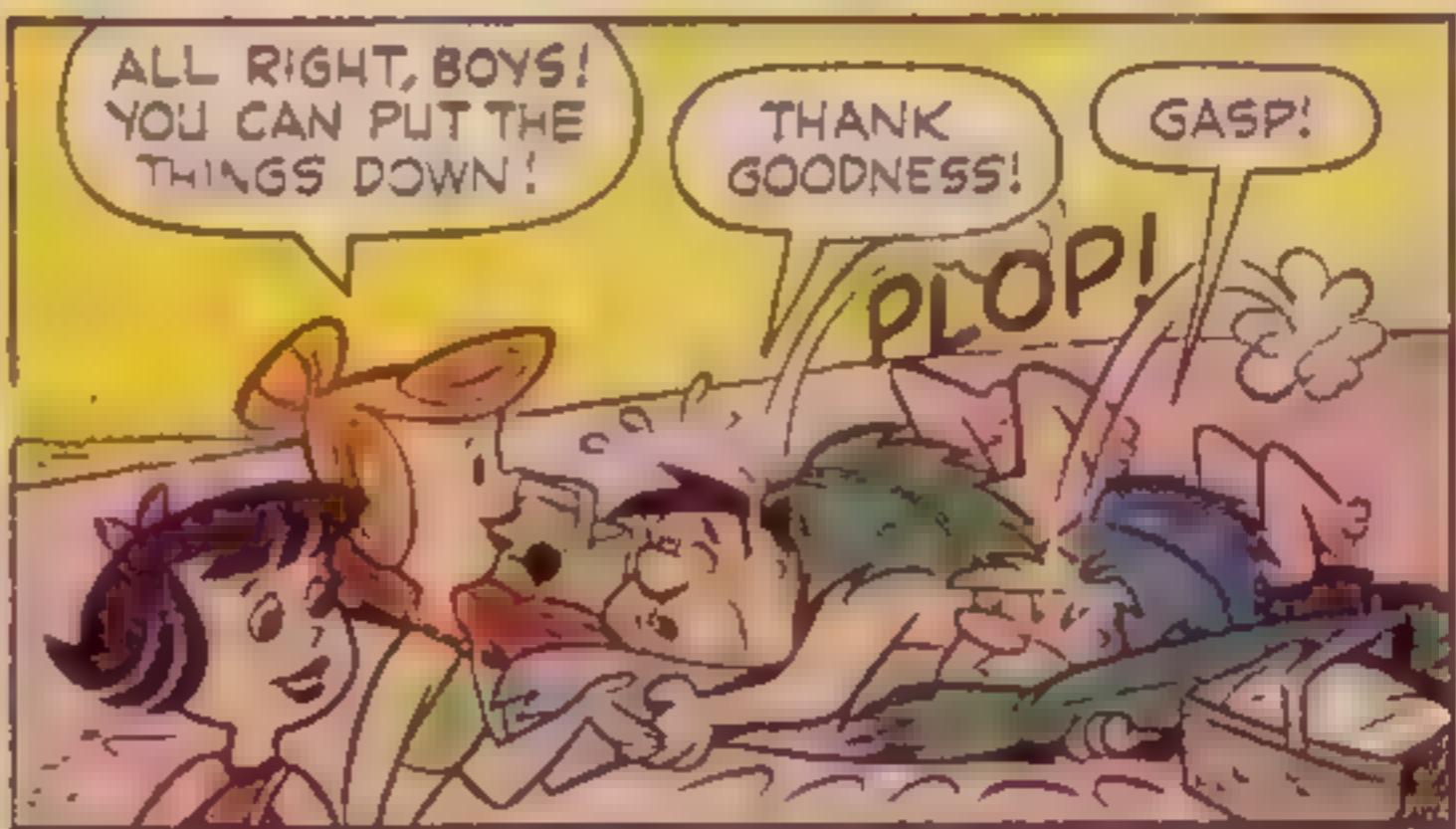
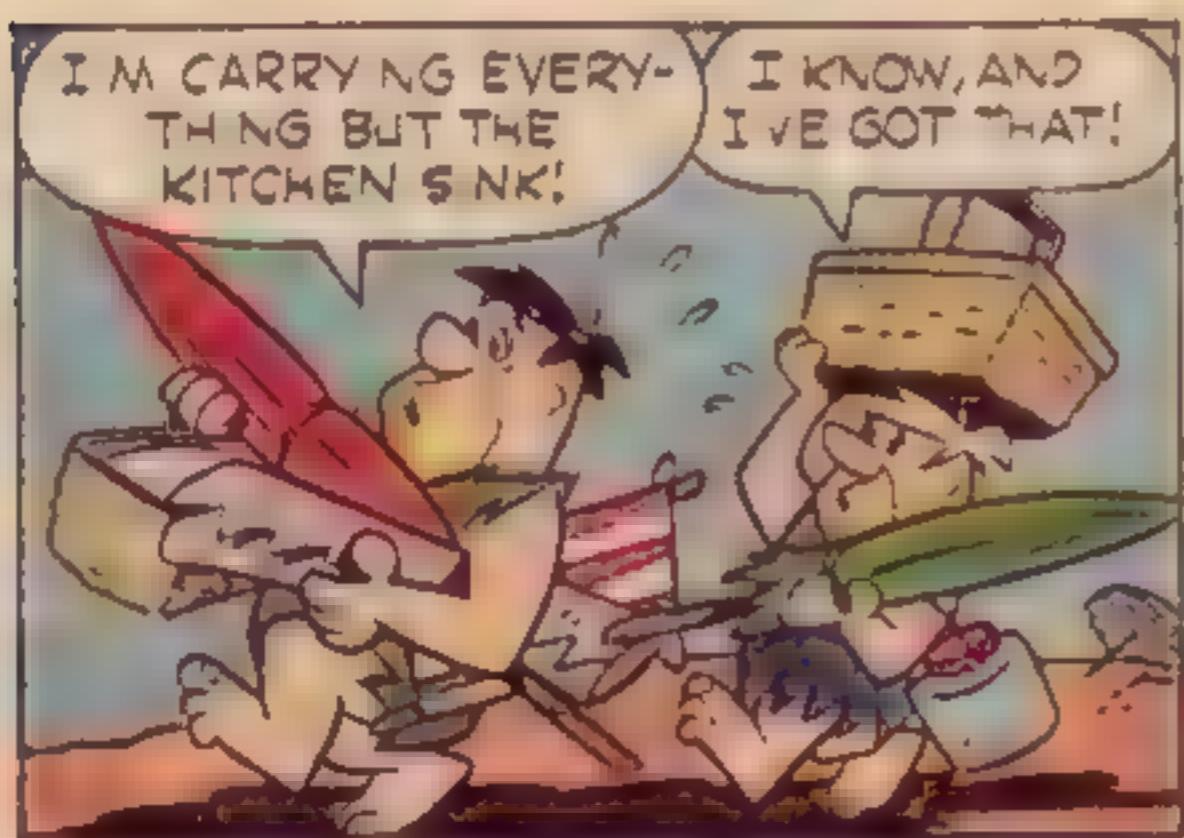
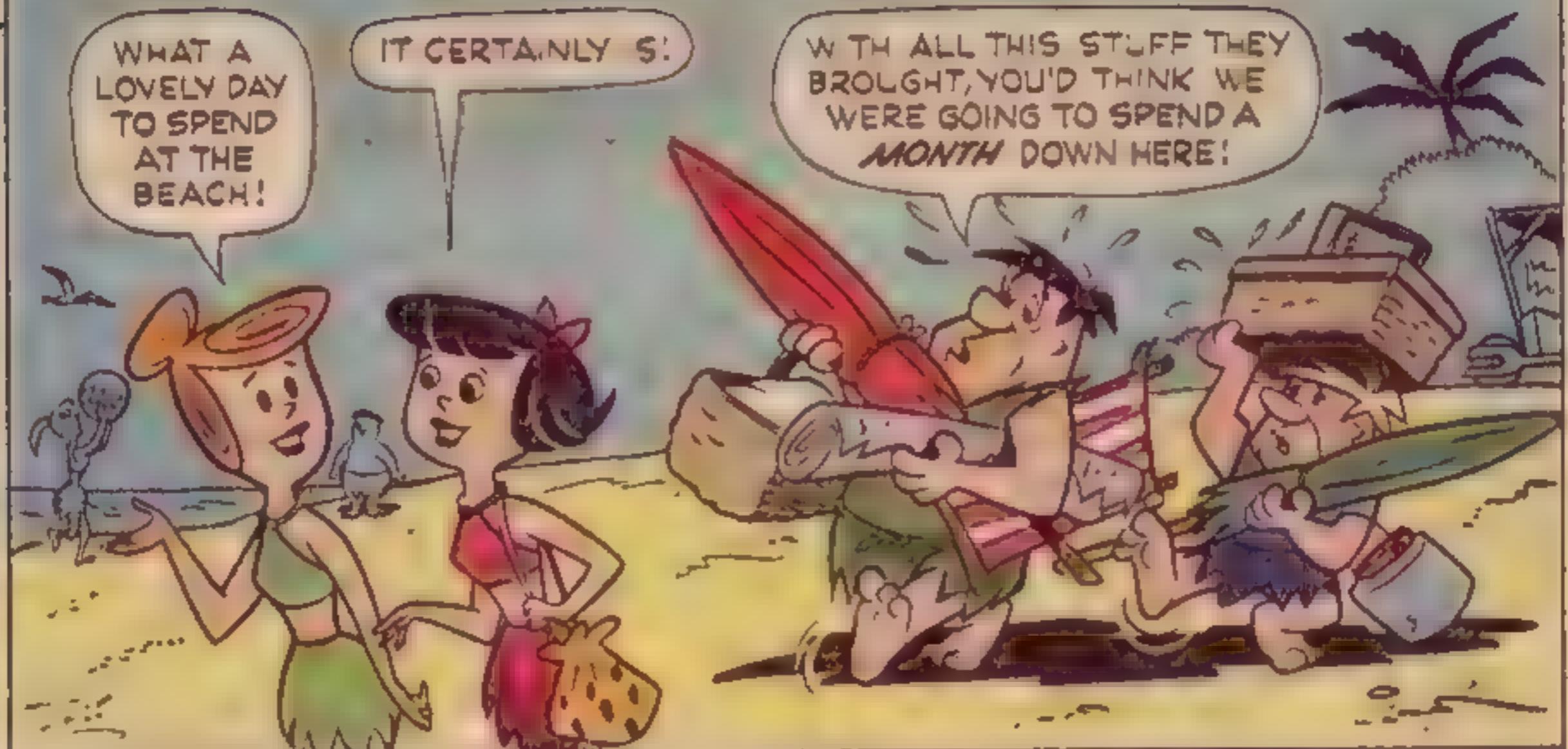


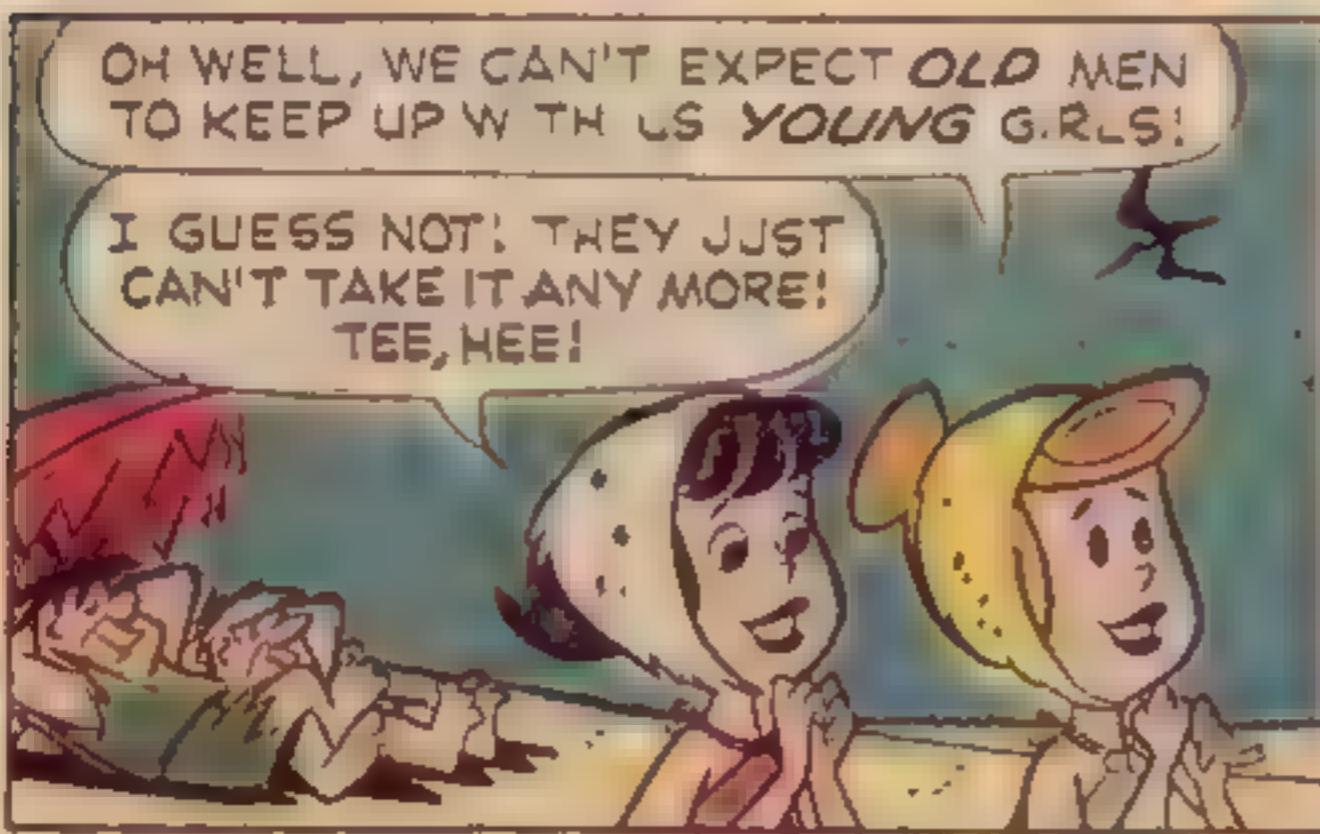
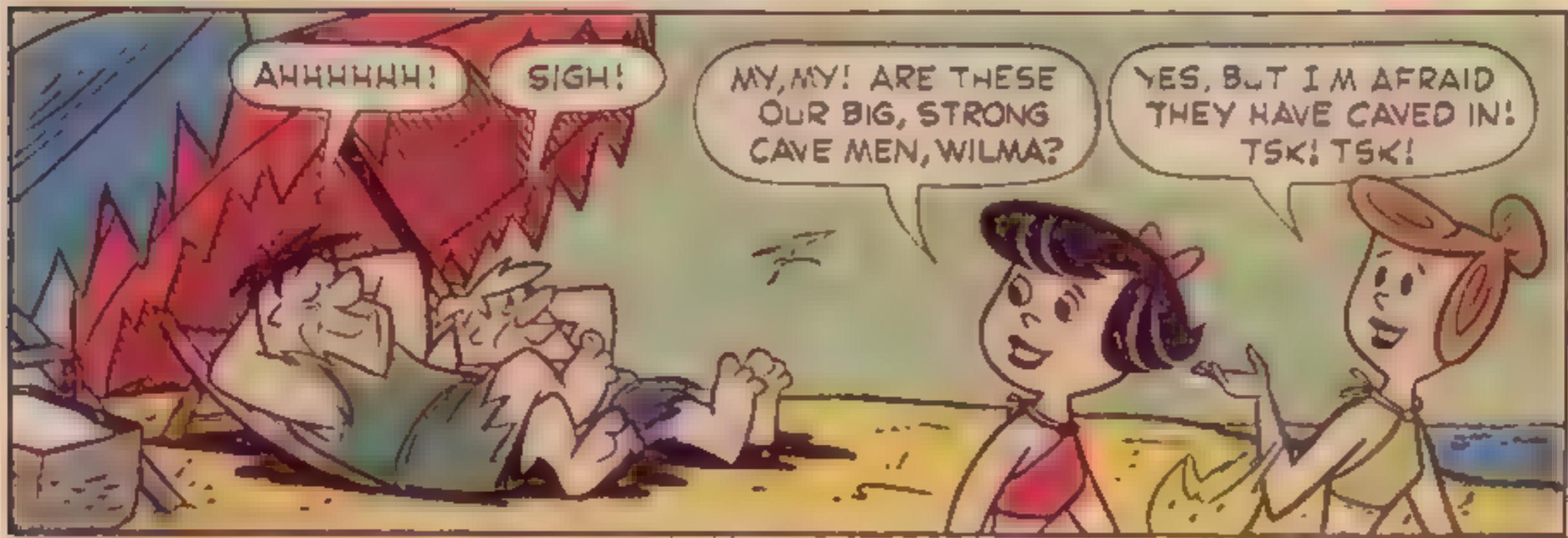
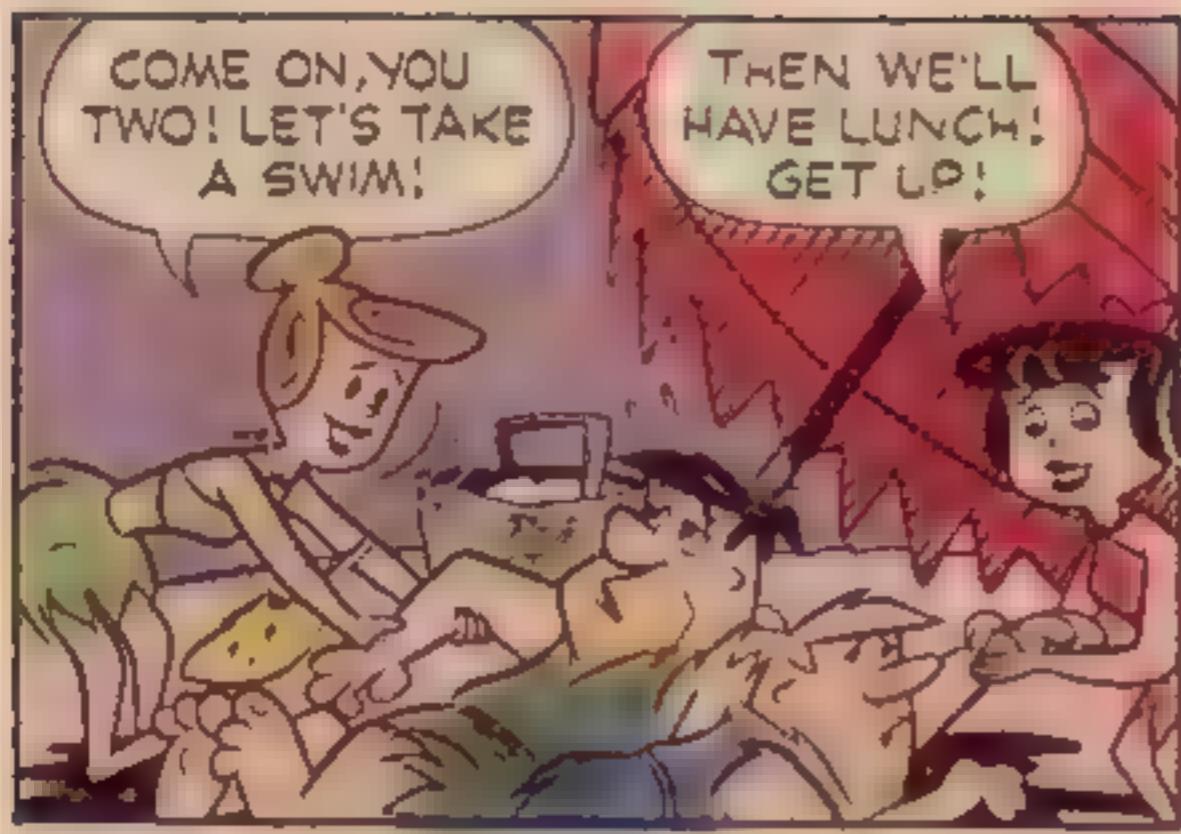


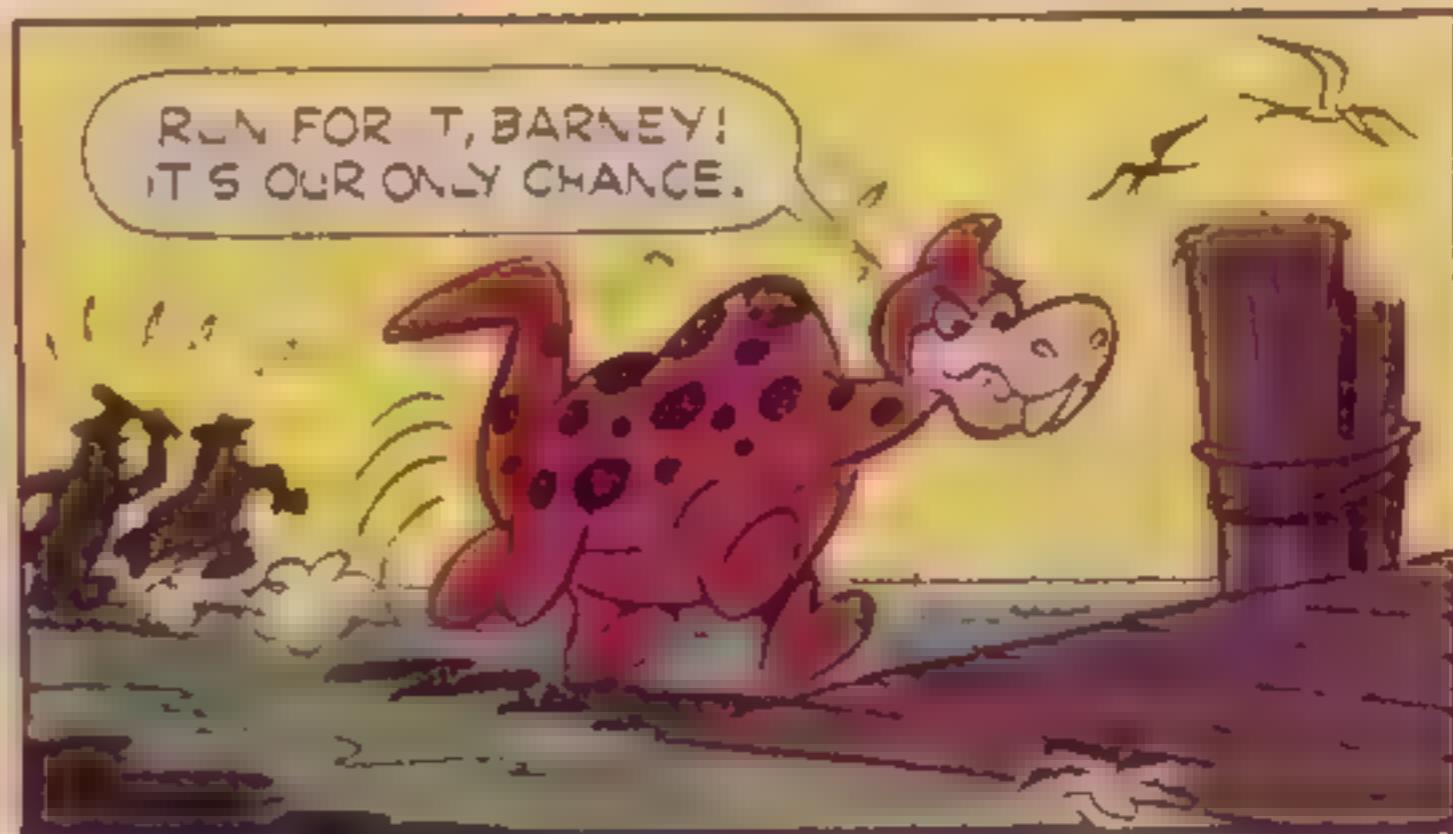
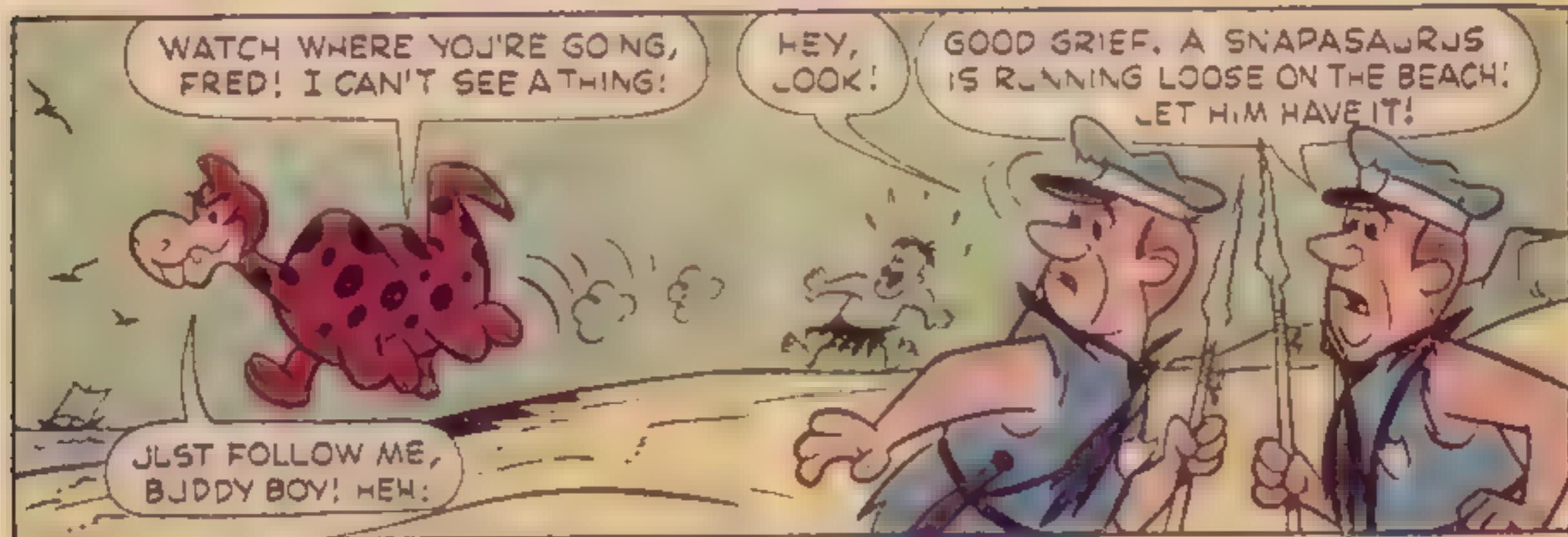
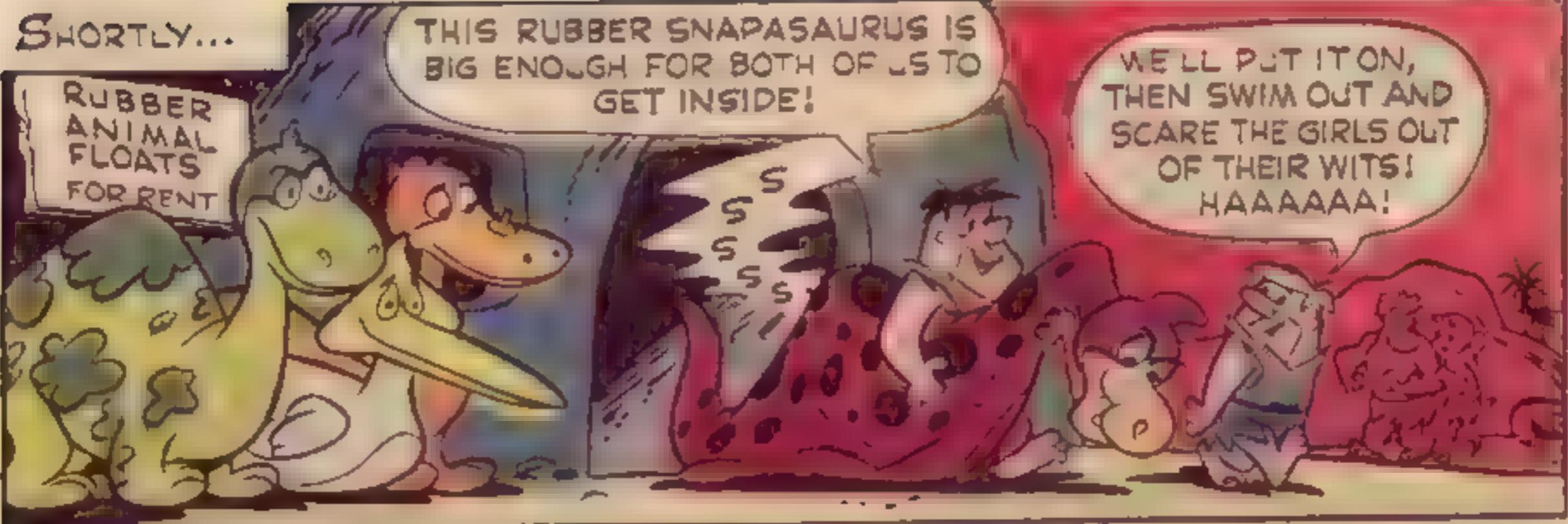
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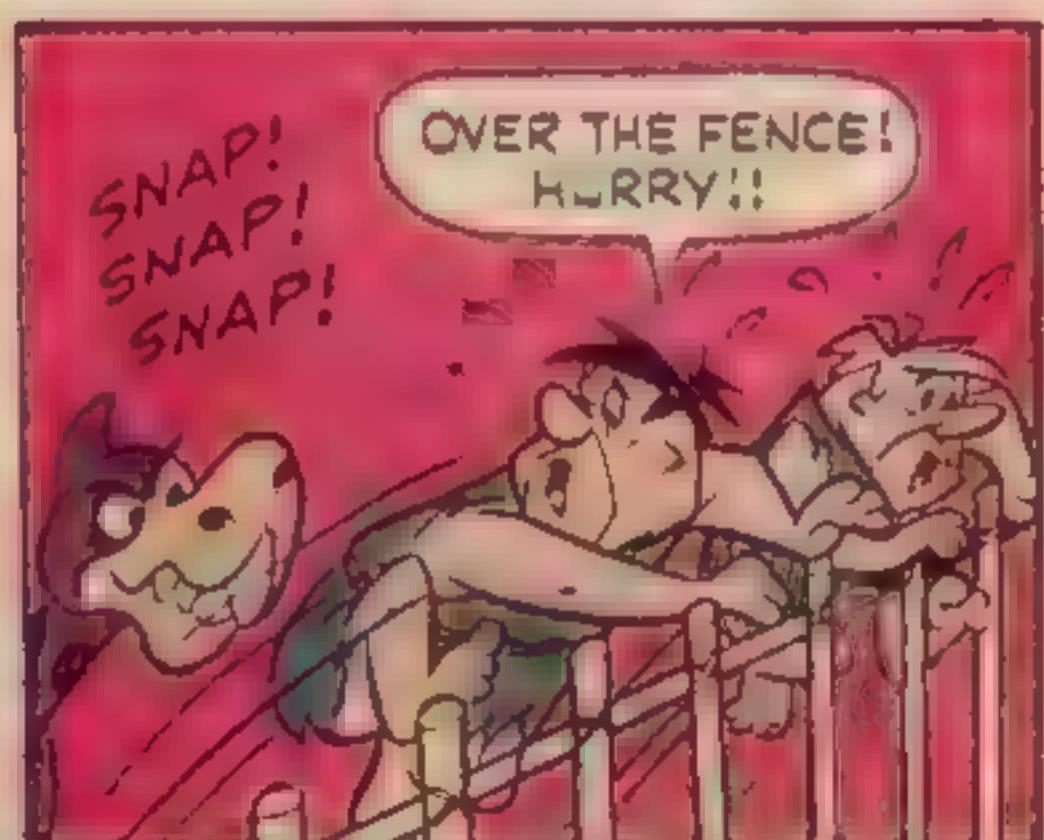
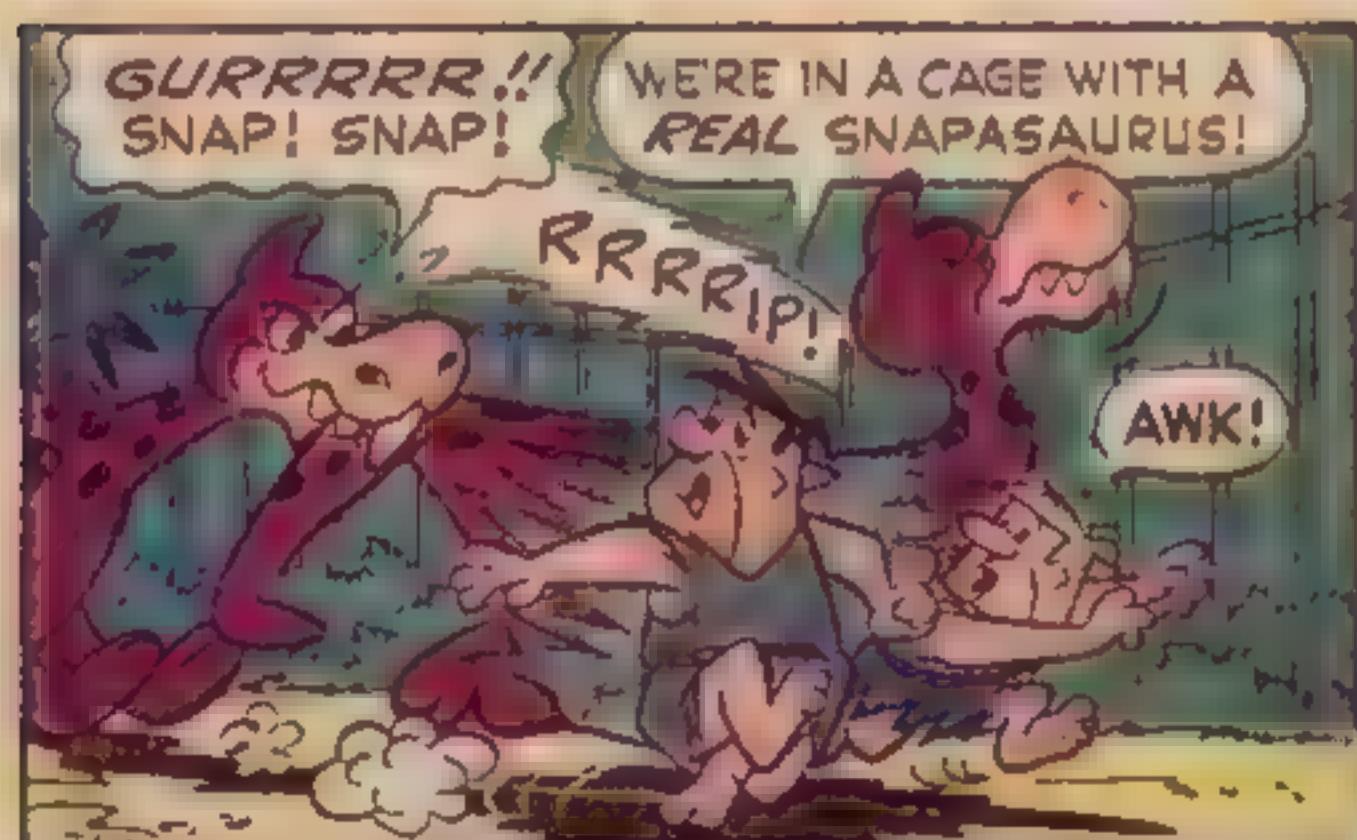
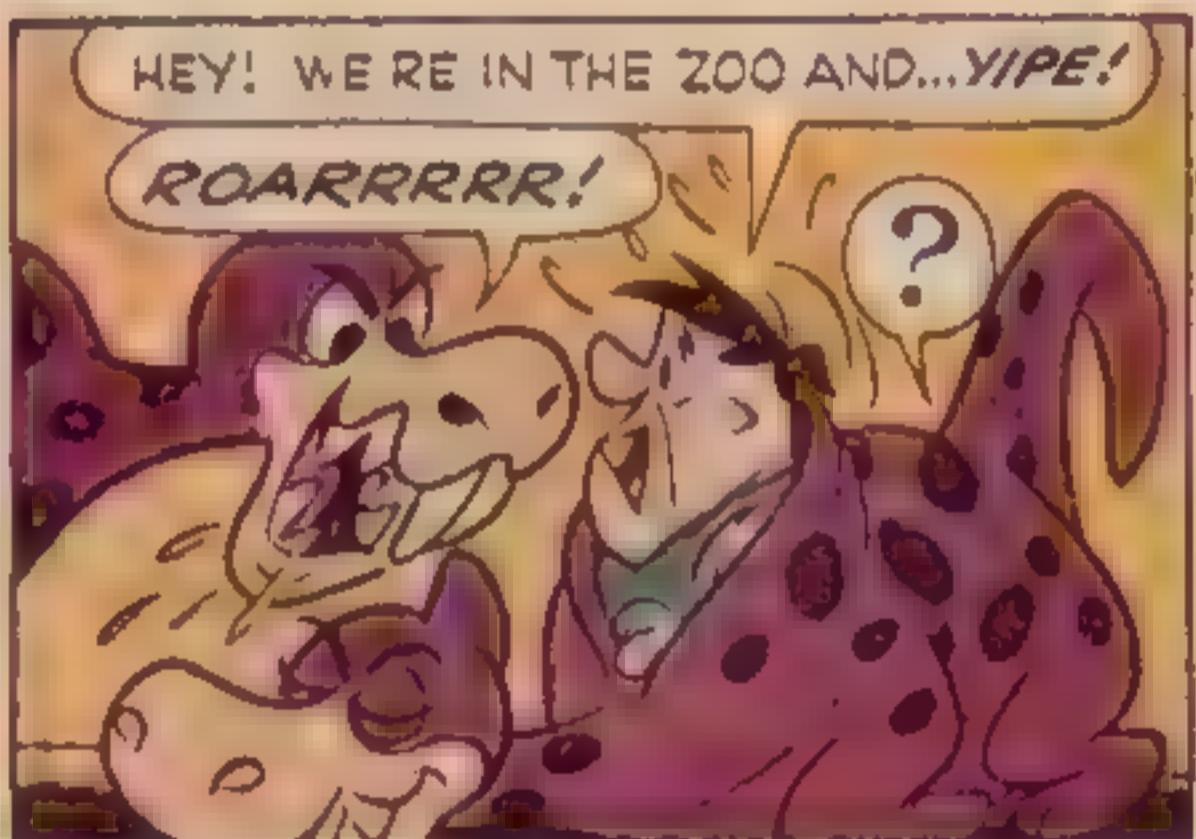
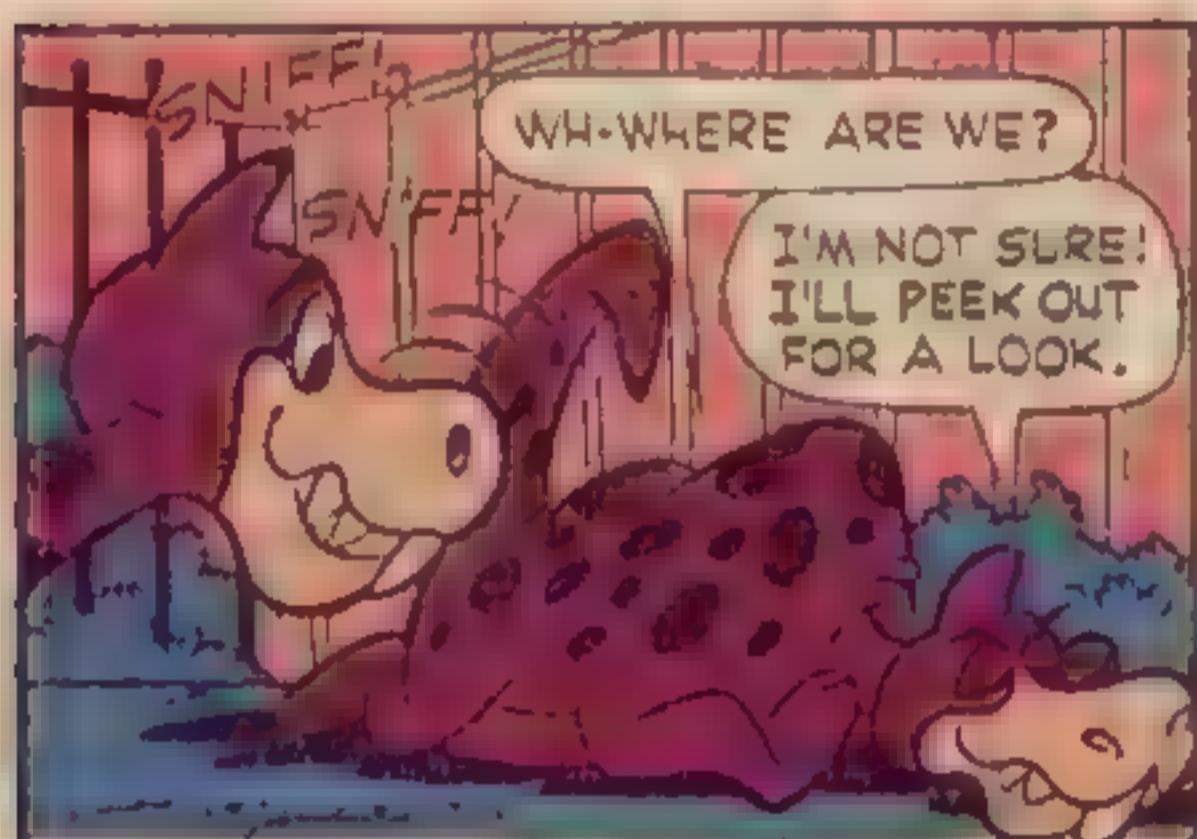
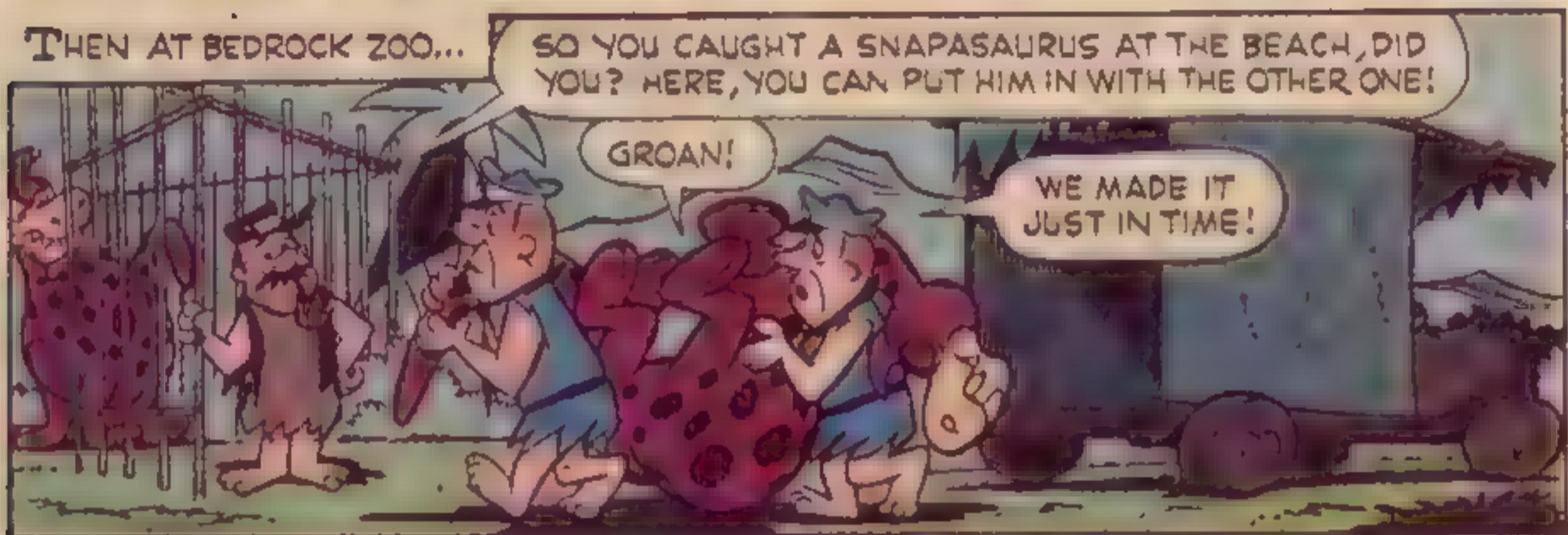
THE FLINTSTONES

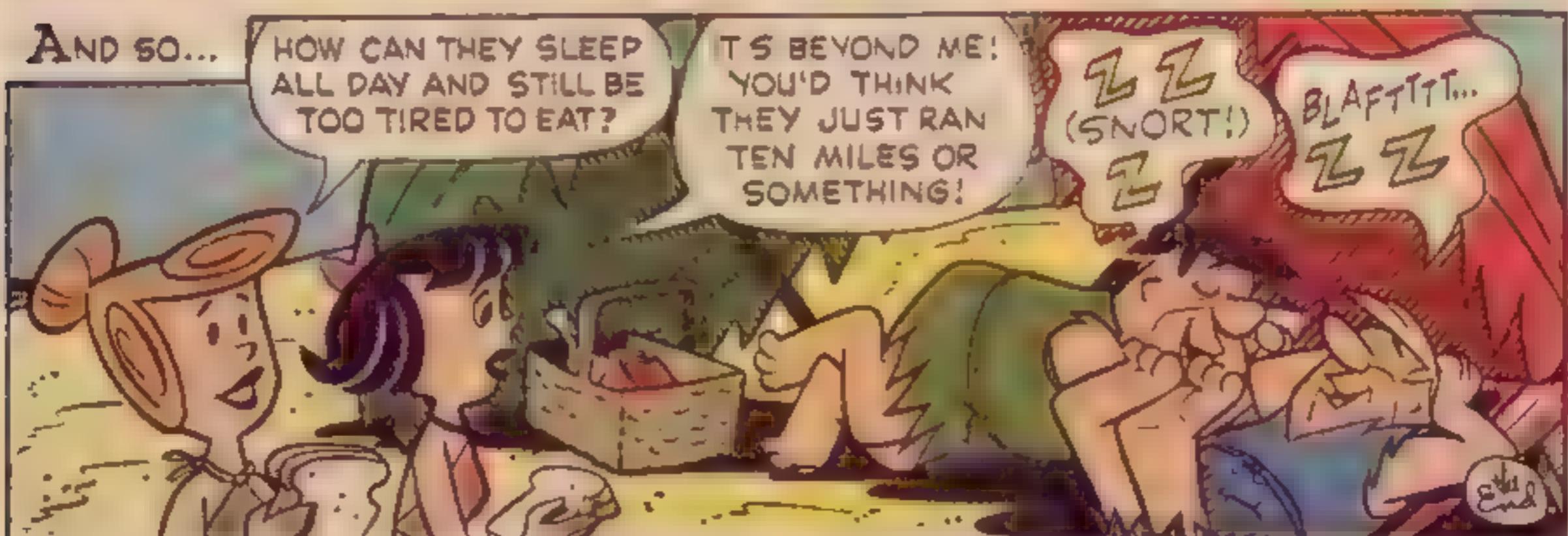
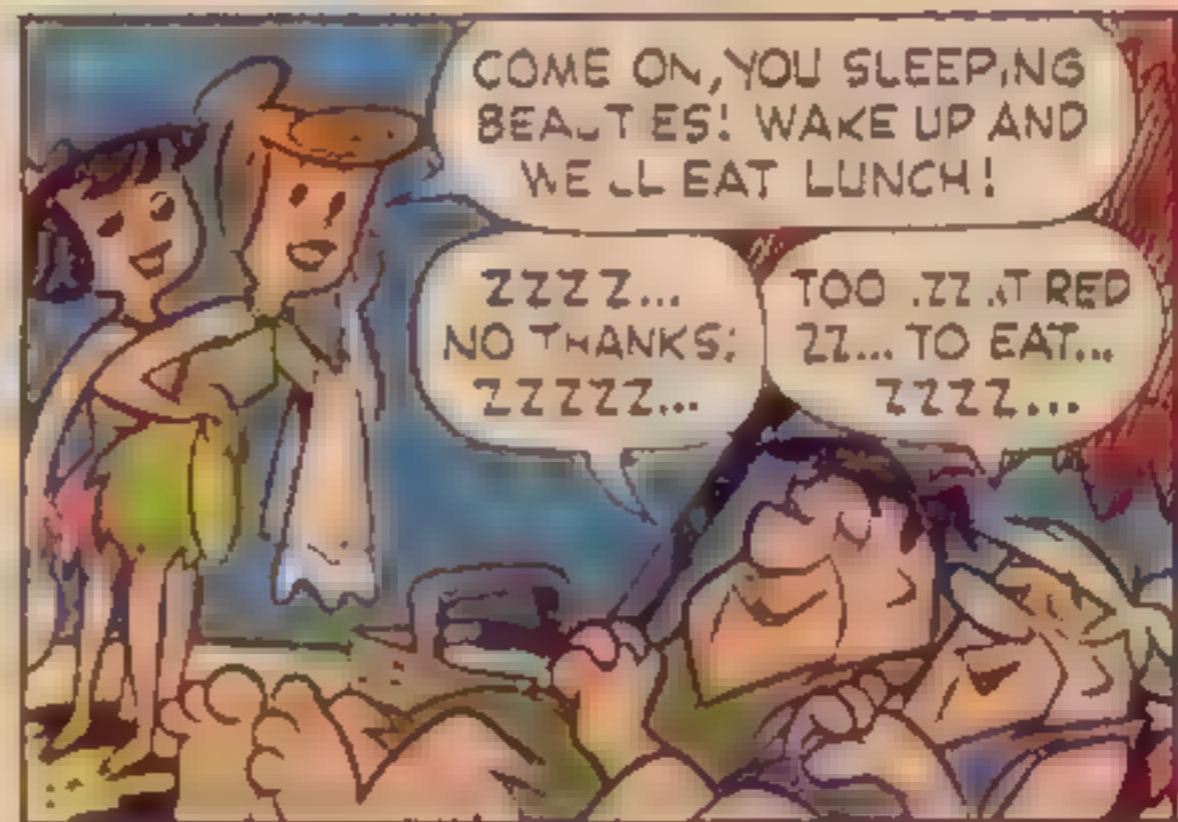
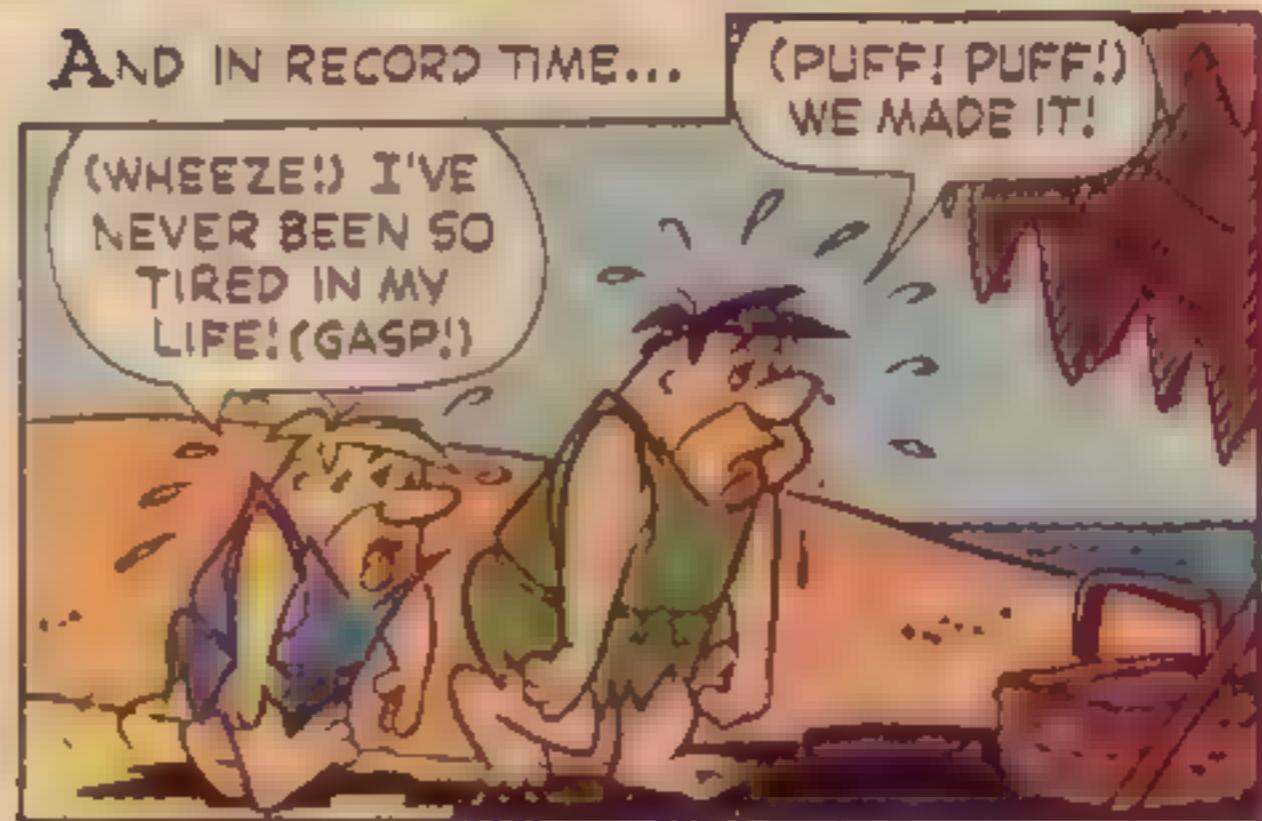
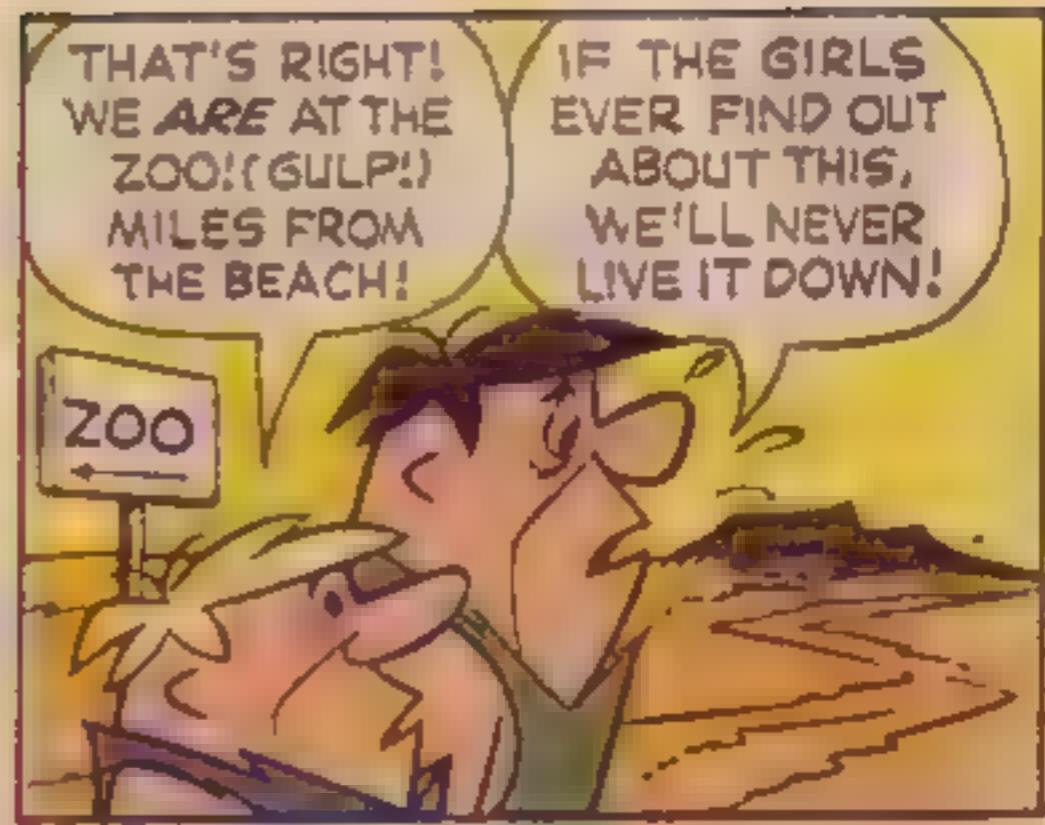
BEACH BALED UP













SETTLING ACCOUNTS



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Rodney Rocktop and Twitchy Itchy entered the Purple Zen Den, glad to get out of the healthy old sun and into the nice, dark, damp and dirty coffee house which they had called home for so many years.

As Rodney started to sit down, the chair was yanked away by Gunther Grassroots, proprietor of the place. Two minutes later, Rodney landed on the floor. (Beatniks are notoriously slow sitters.)

"Abandon my coffee house and never again darken my dark door until, like, you pay this bill," bellowed big Gunther.

Then he gave Rodney a bill for six thousand eight hundred and twenty-two cups of café espresso that Rodney had consumed in the years he'd been coming to the Purple Zen Den. The amount was six hundred and fifty-two dollars, with a professional discount. Rodney was a professional beatnik.

Rodney jumped to his feet slowly and said, "I told you three years ago I'd pay my bill. Now quit hounding me for it, man!"

"Sorry," replied Gunther, "but I want cash on the barrel — or out you go!"

The old barrel he meant was the table. But naturally, Rodney didn't have anything like six hundred and fifty-two dollars. He didn't even have fifty-two dollars. In fact, he was

lucky if he had two cents in his pockets.

"If that's how you feel, I'll leave," said Rodney. "Come on, Itchy, my loyal friend."

Twitchy Itchy twitched twice and said, "Man, like, I'm staying here. Get lost!"

But Gunther had other ideas. Twitchy owed him money, too, so he threw them both out.

As Twitchy landed on the sidewalk next to Rodney, Rodney turned to him and said, "I knew you wouldn't desert me."

"Of course not! Gunther wouldn't let me," said Twitchy. "That's what friends are for."

The good friends sat there and thought about what to do. It wasn't easy . . . thinking, that is, but finally Rodney got an idea. If Gunther wouldn't let them in his coffee house, they would open their own.

"But we don't have any money, stupid," Twitchy gently reminded Rodney.

"Who needs money? We just find a condemned building and tear it up a little. We throw in tables and chairs from a junkyard and we have a coffee house. Of course it'll look too clean at first, but it'll get the beatnik look after awhile. We don't even need coffee. We'll serve them empty cups and say it's a new brew . . . ground so fine it's invisible. It's weird enough to go over."

So it was set. They found an old building and put in what they needed. The only thing now was to come up with a name. Something new, something entirely different from the Purple Zen Den. They finally thought of a really original name — the Green Zen Den!

The first day the Green Zen Den was open they didn't have any customers. But, the second day, things fell off. One week later, they were still waiting to sell their first cup of emptiness.

Then in walked Gunther. Rodney and Twitchy tried to hide behind each other.

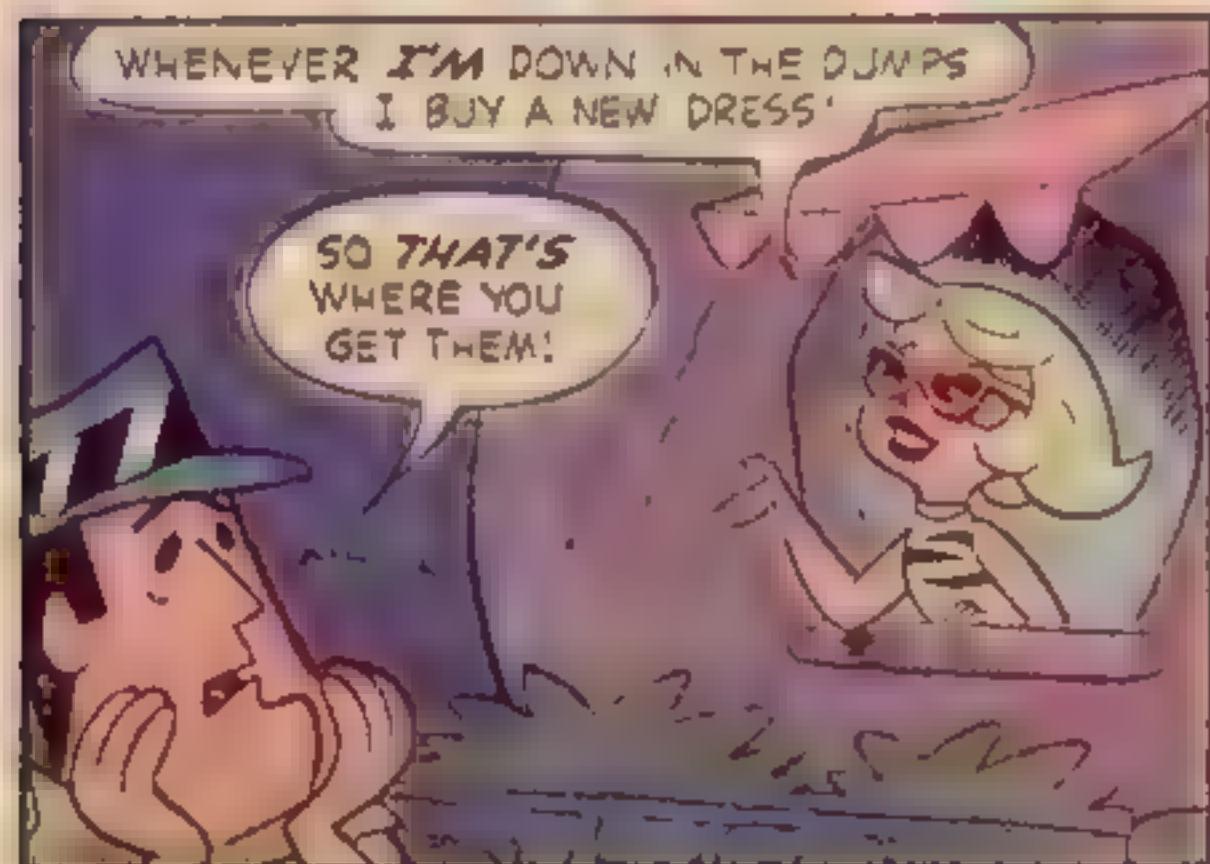
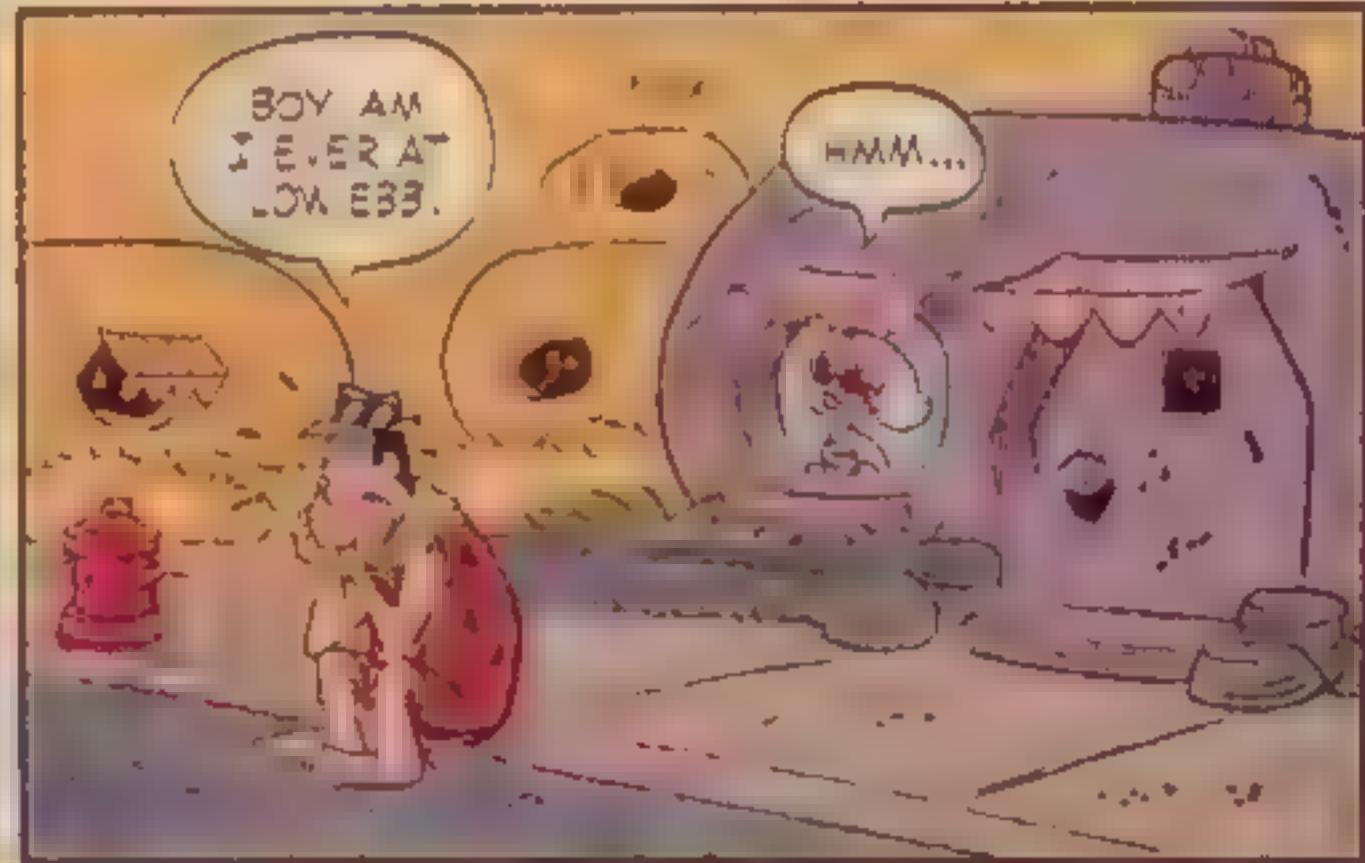
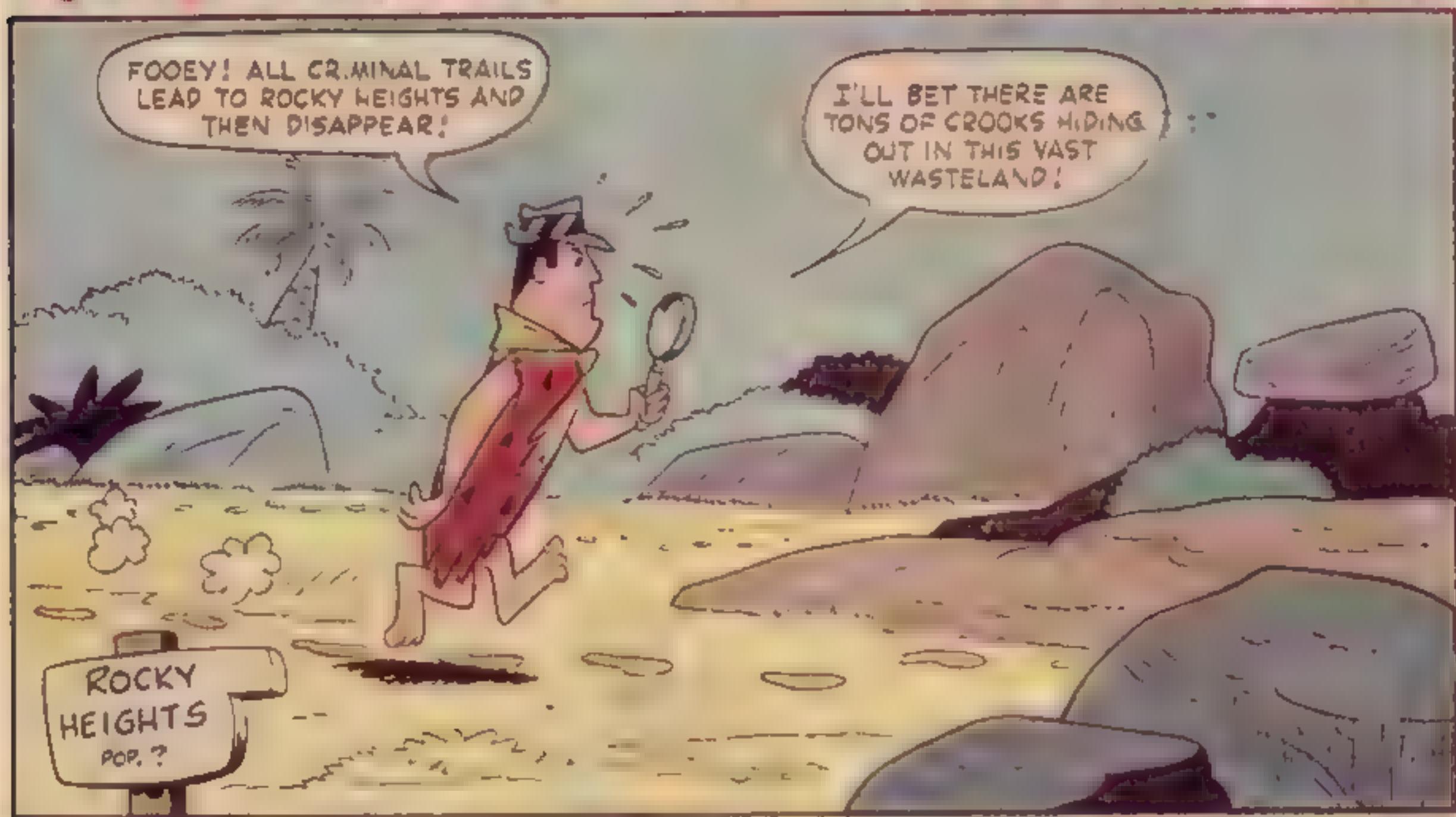
"If you want money, I haven't got any," Rodney told him.

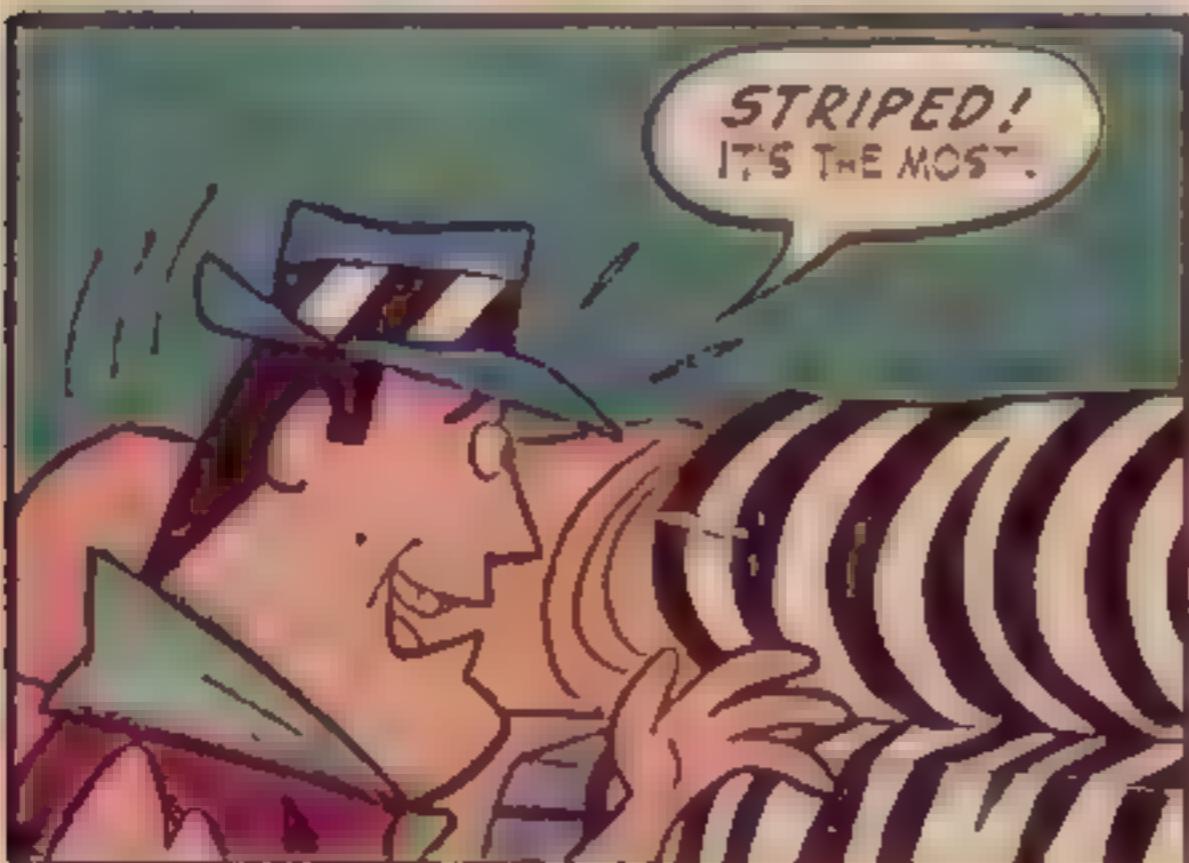
"That's not why I came," said Gunther. "Business has been awful since you left. Most of the moneyed tourists came to stare at you two, since you're the kookiest beats in Bedrock. Please come back . . . everything will be on the house from now on."

Once again Rodney and Twitchy sat at their old table. Only now they didn't sip café espressos, they drank them as fast as they could. After all . . . they were free!

Hanna-Barbera PERRY GUNNIE

The Case of the Striped Suit



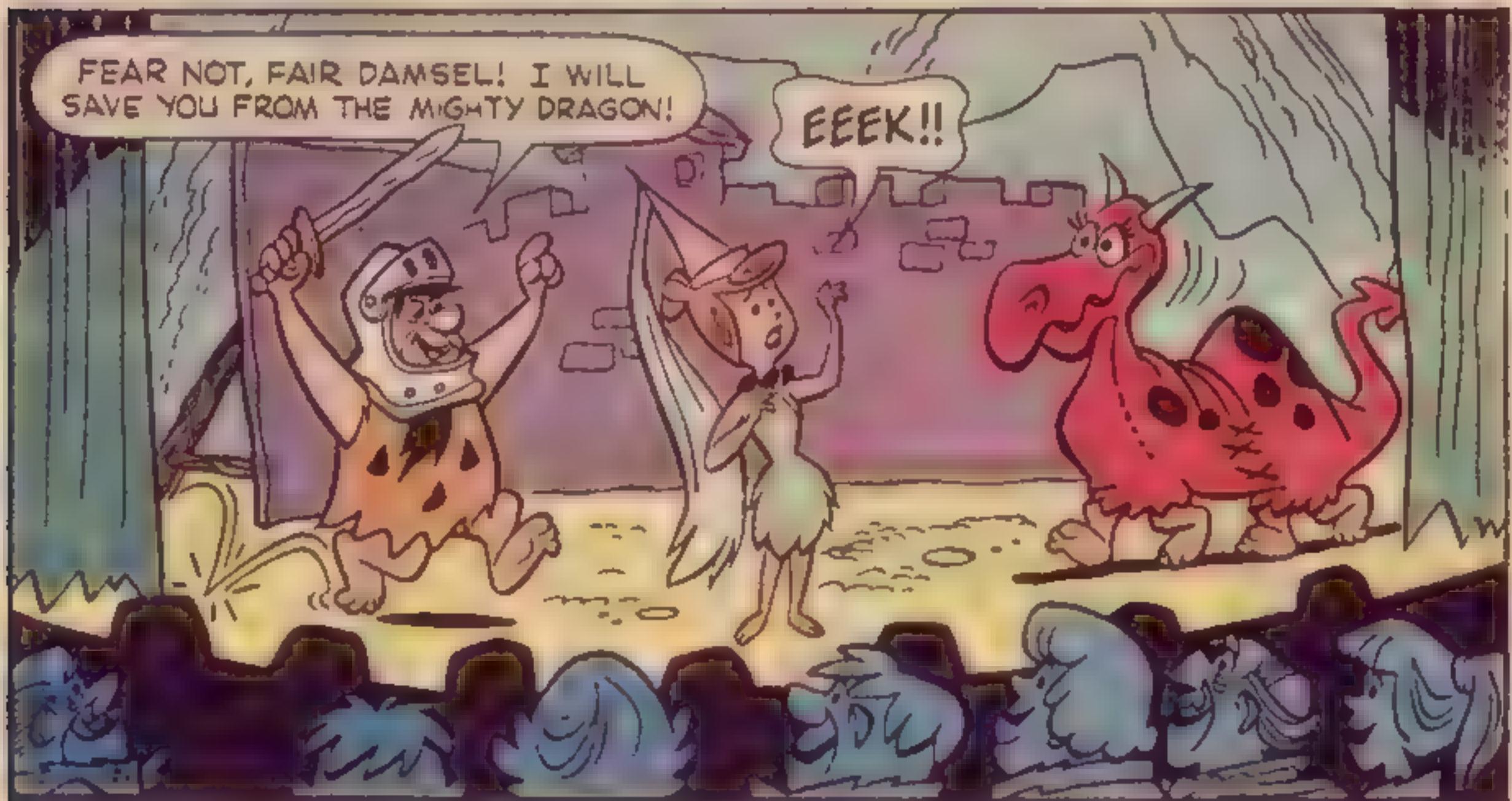


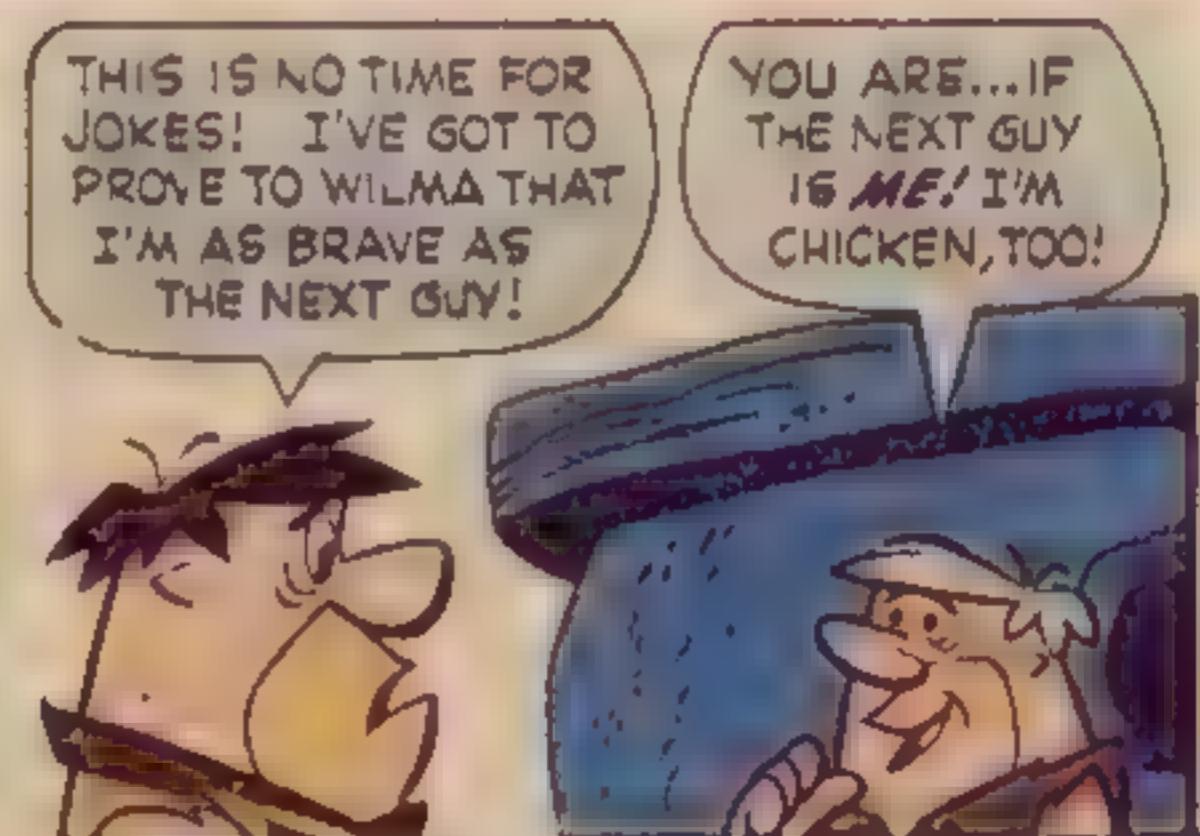
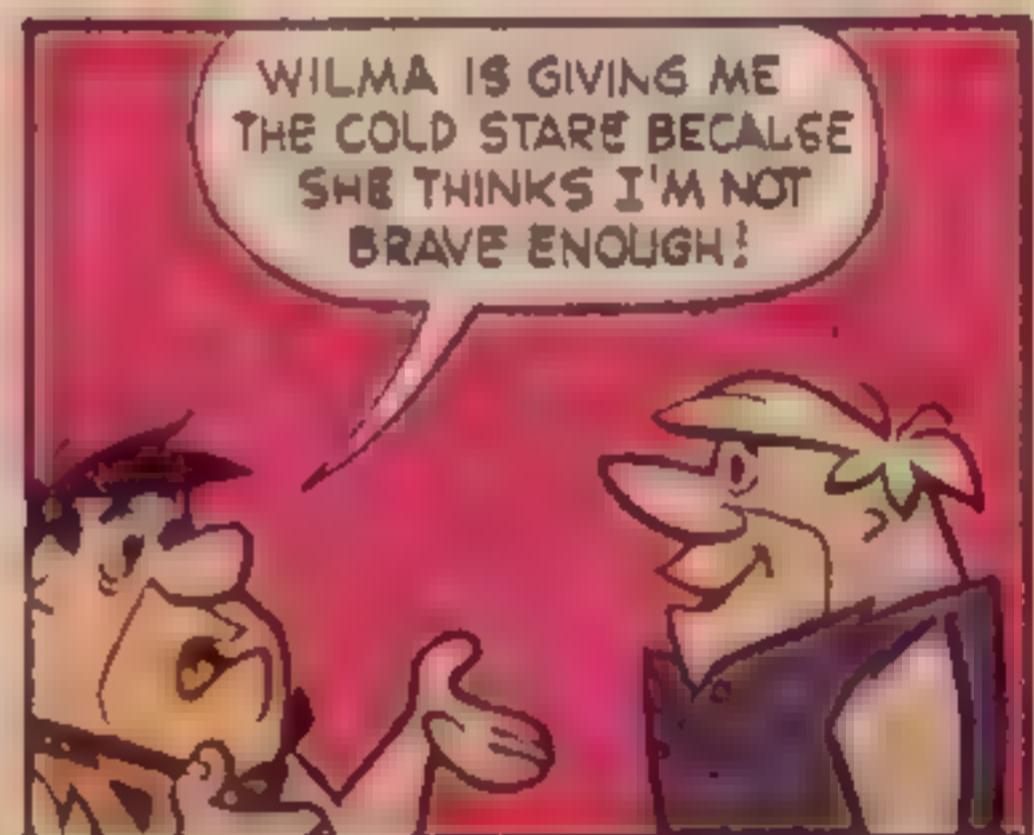
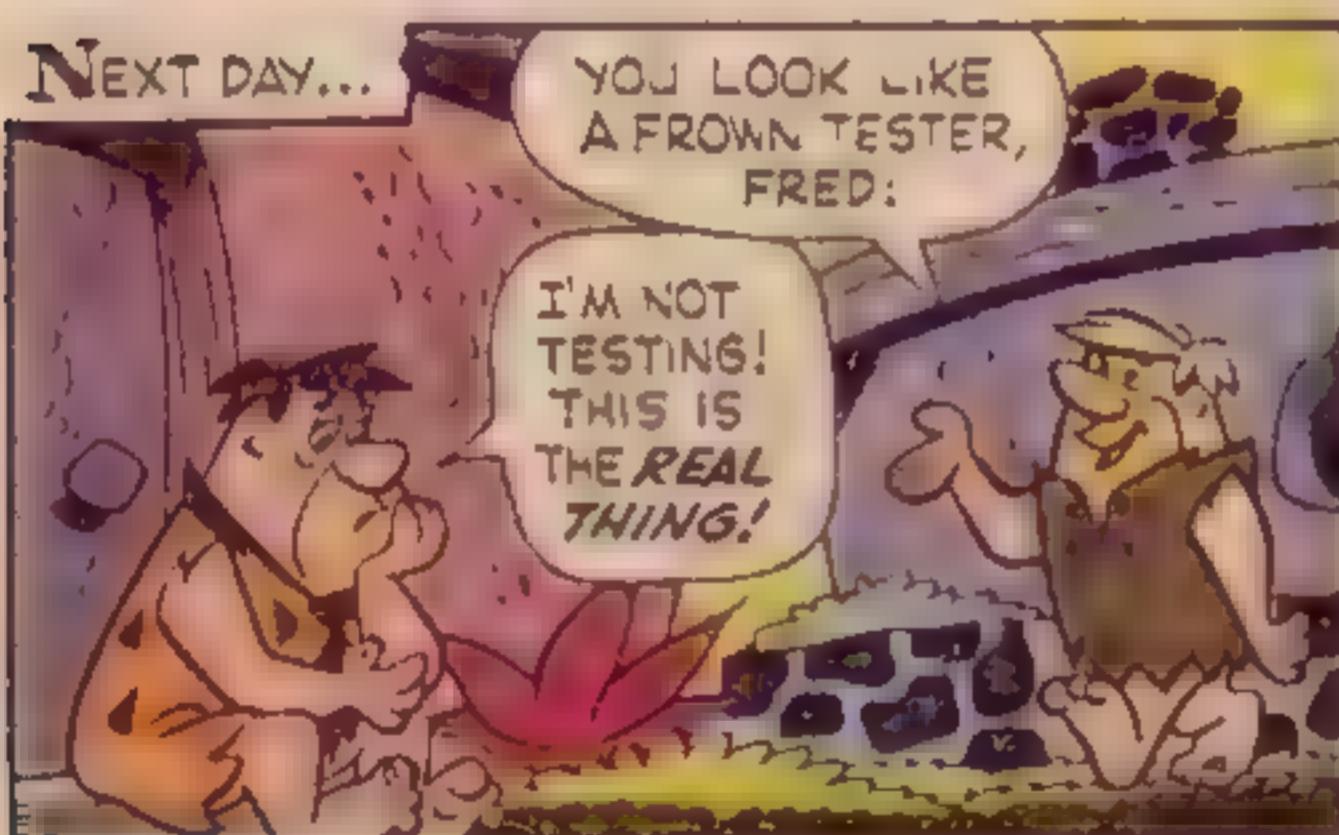
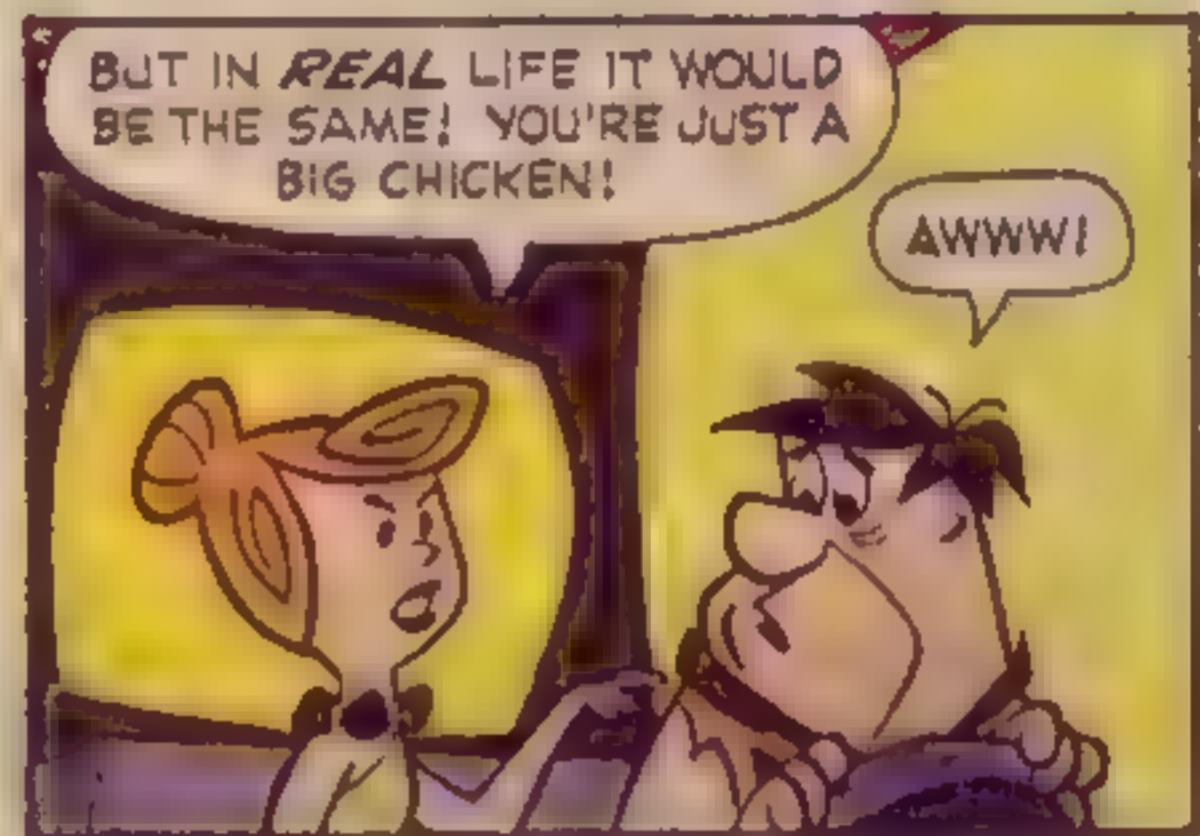
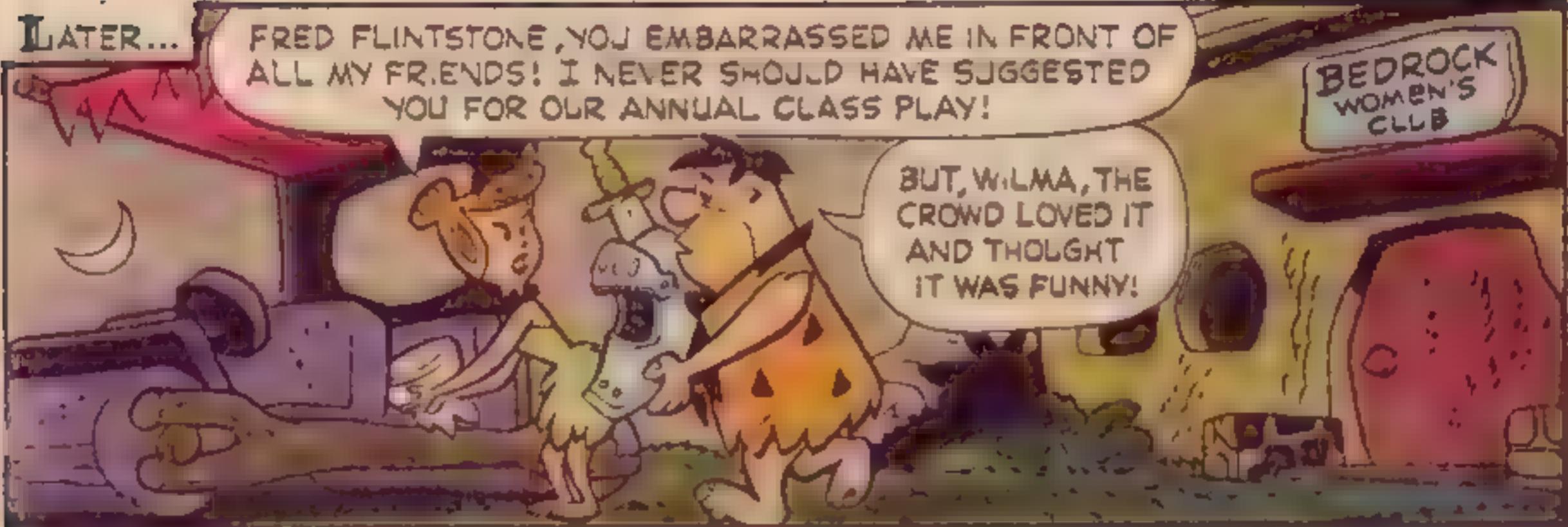


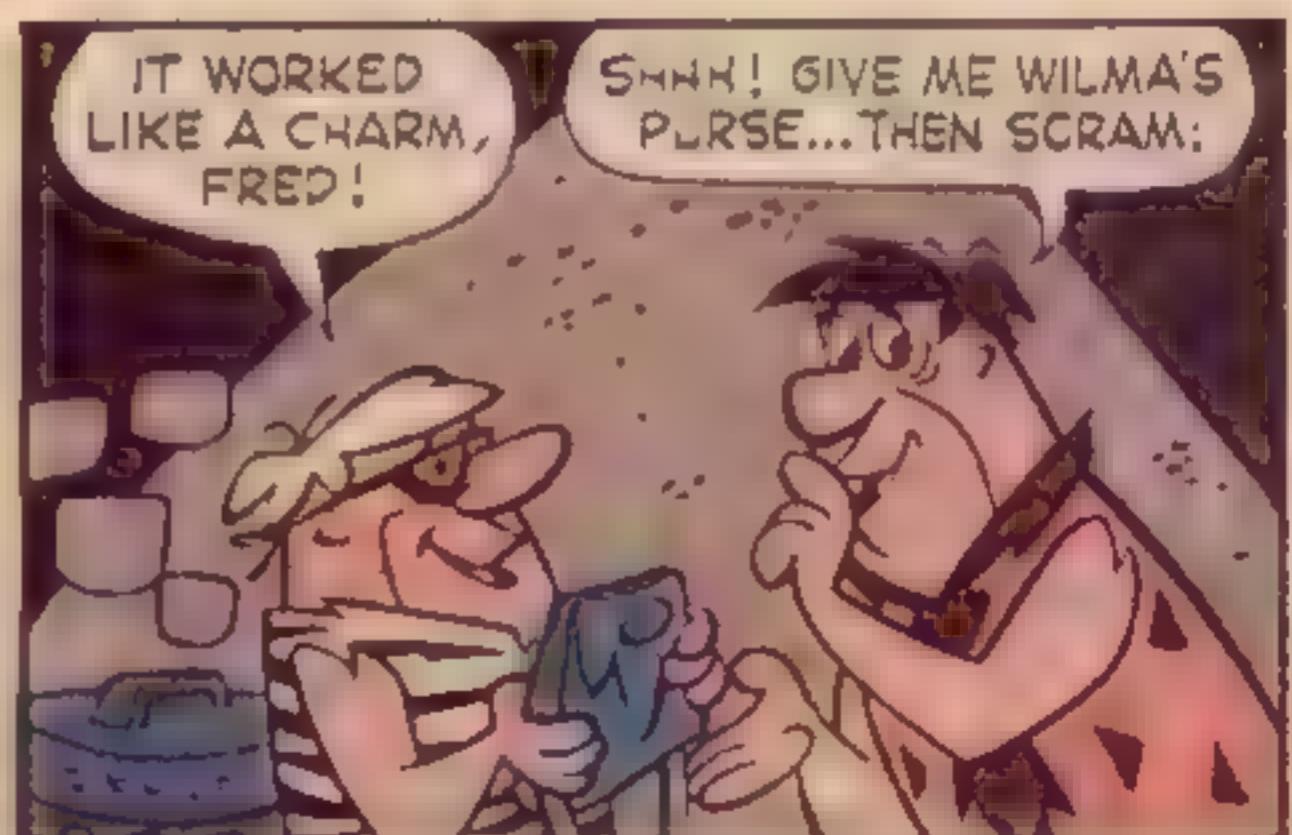
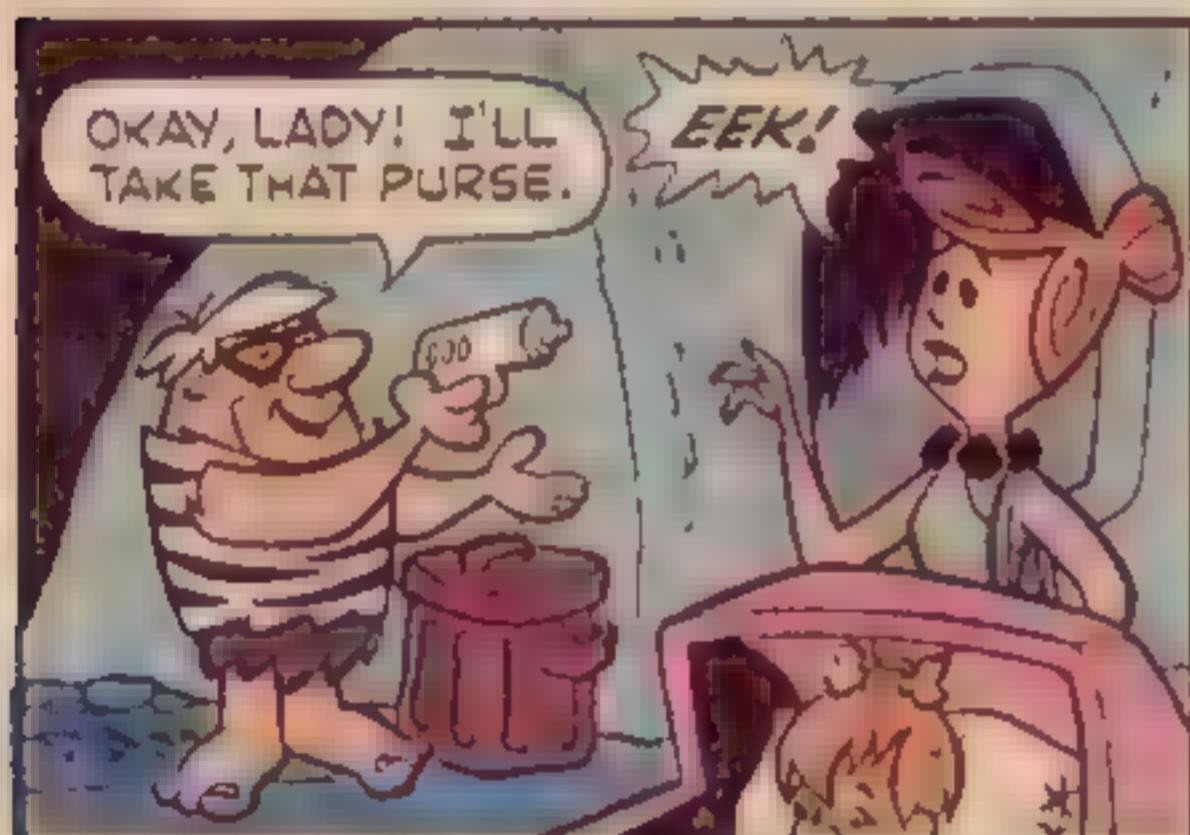
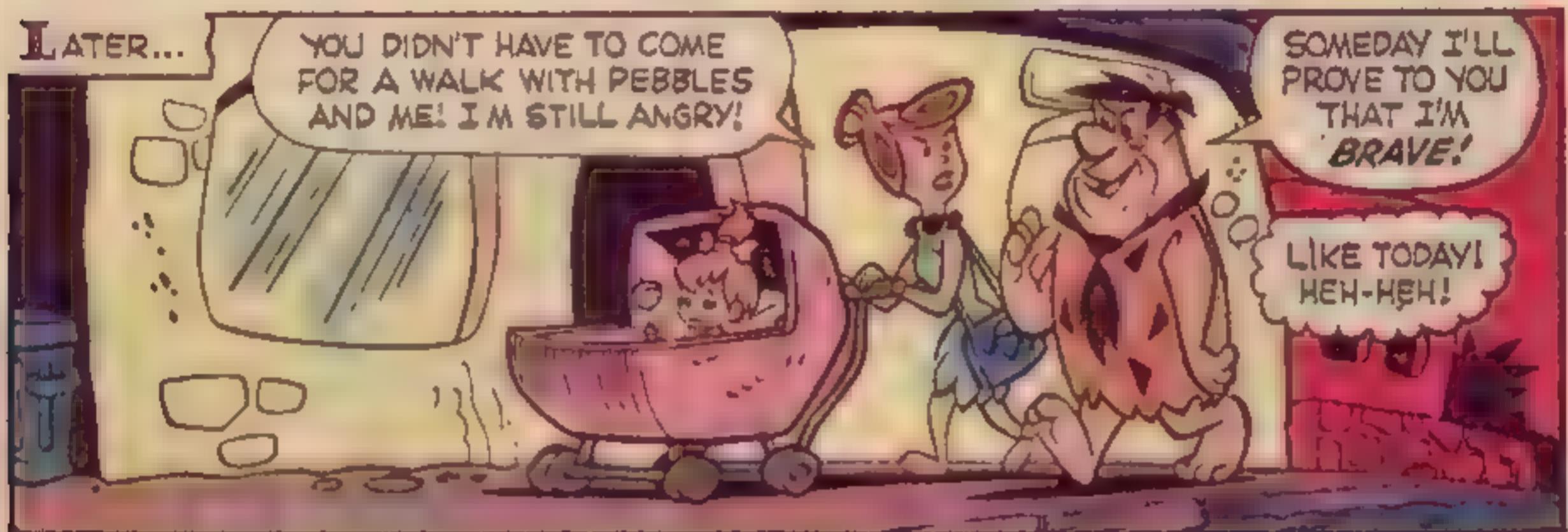
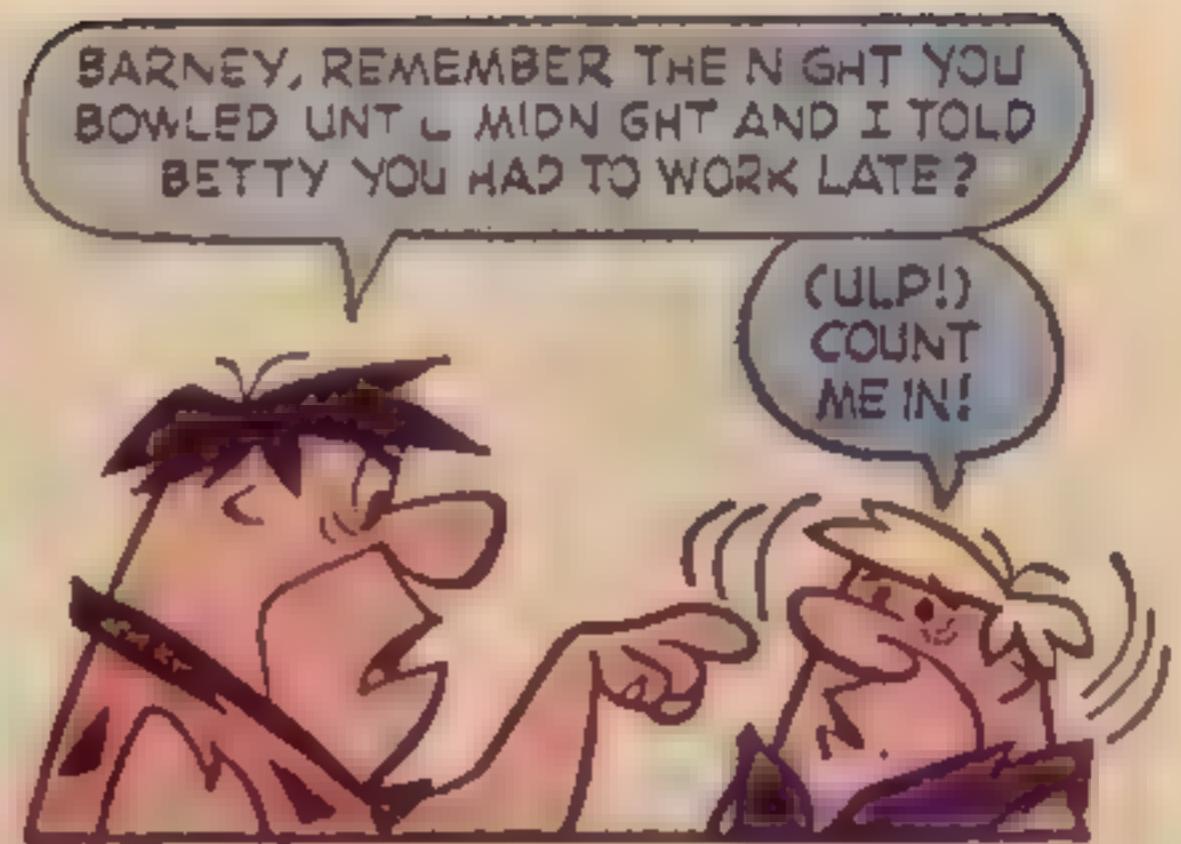
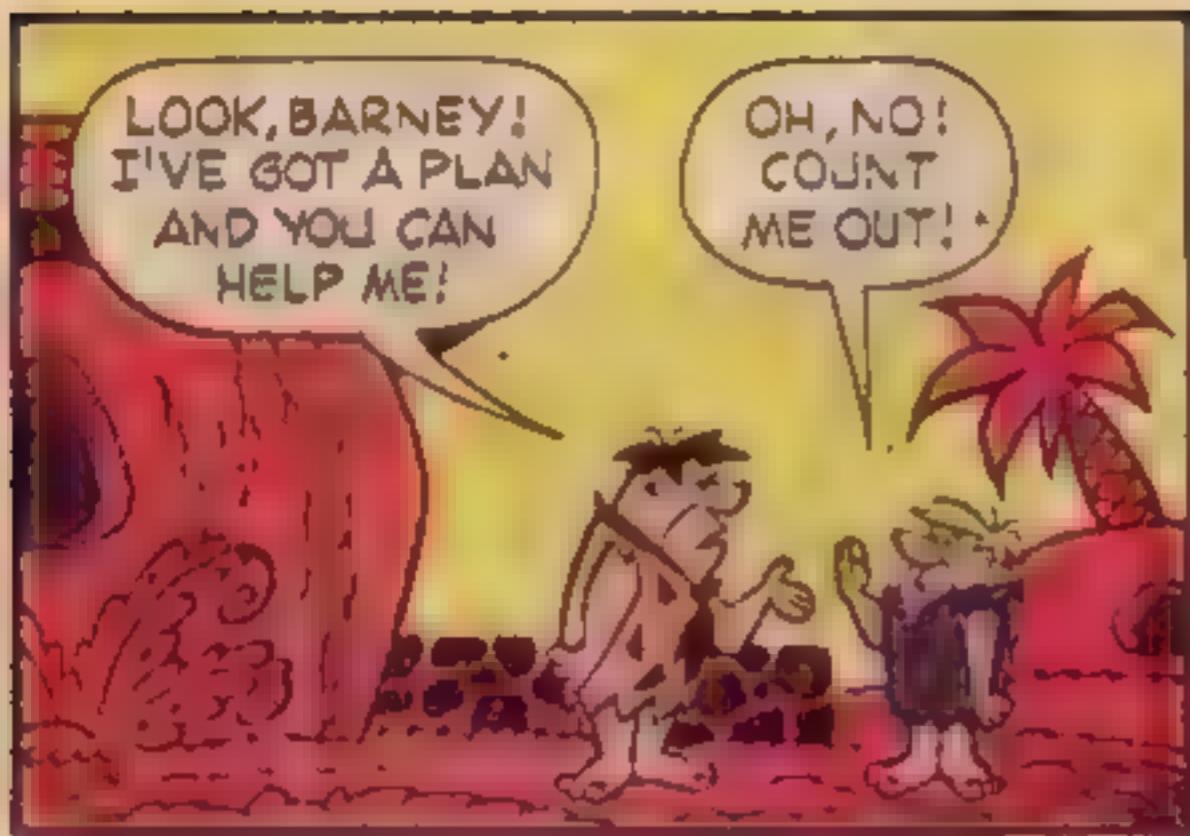


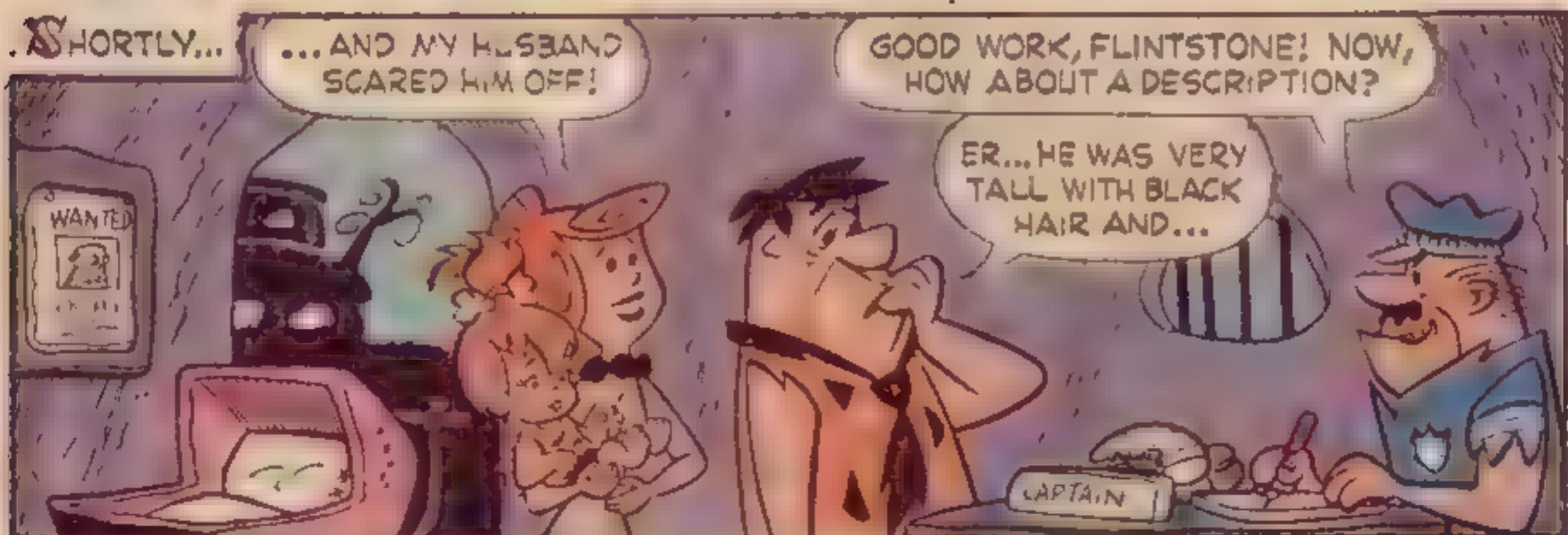
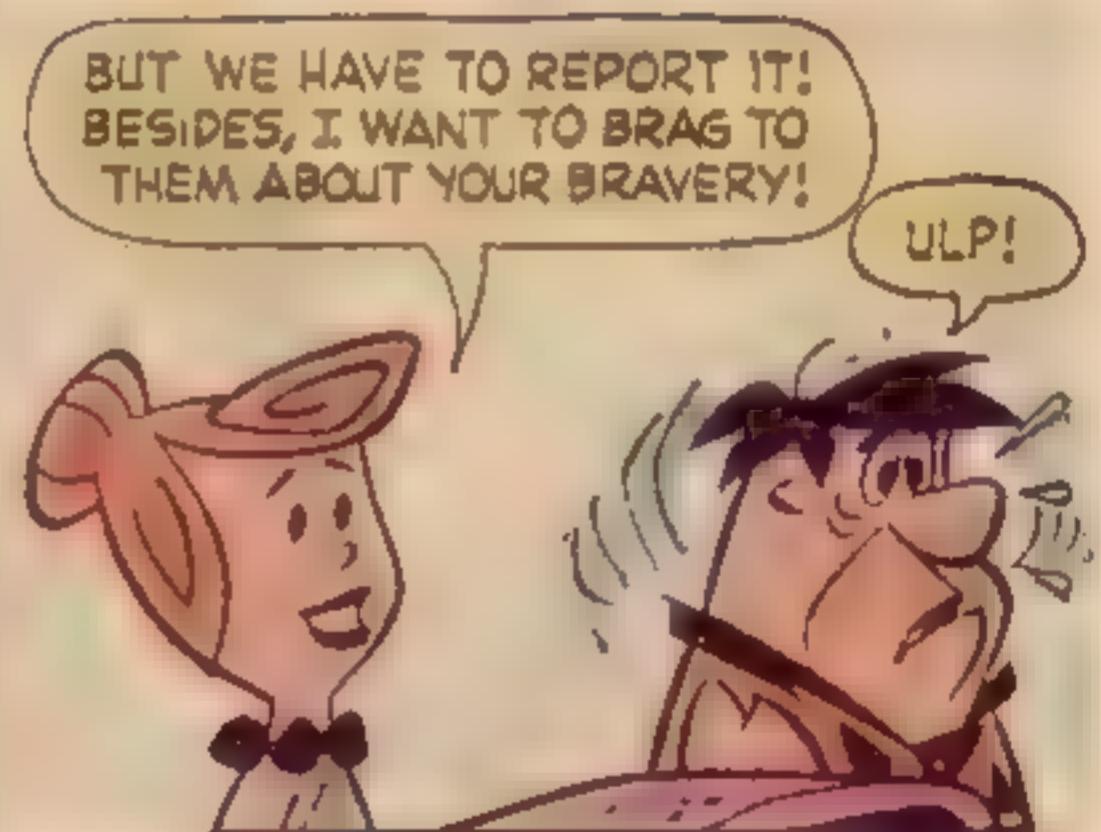
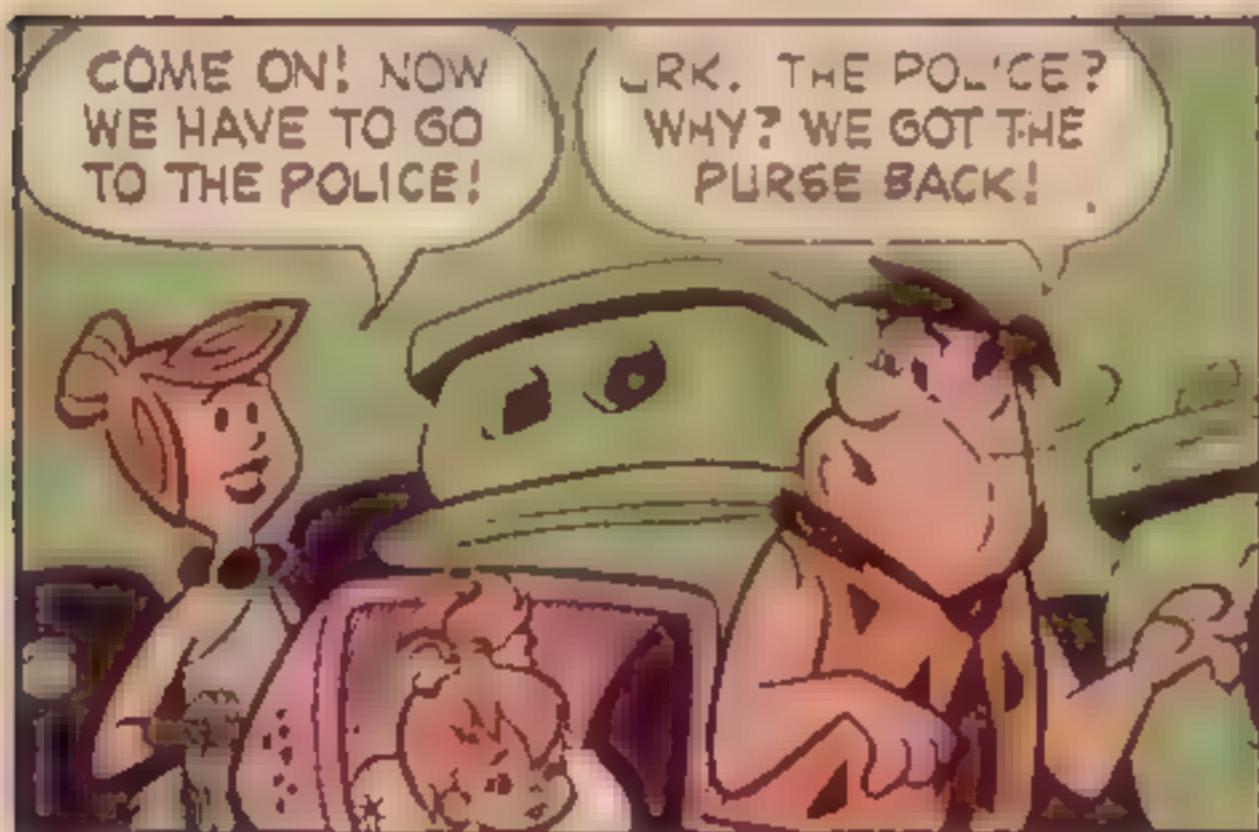
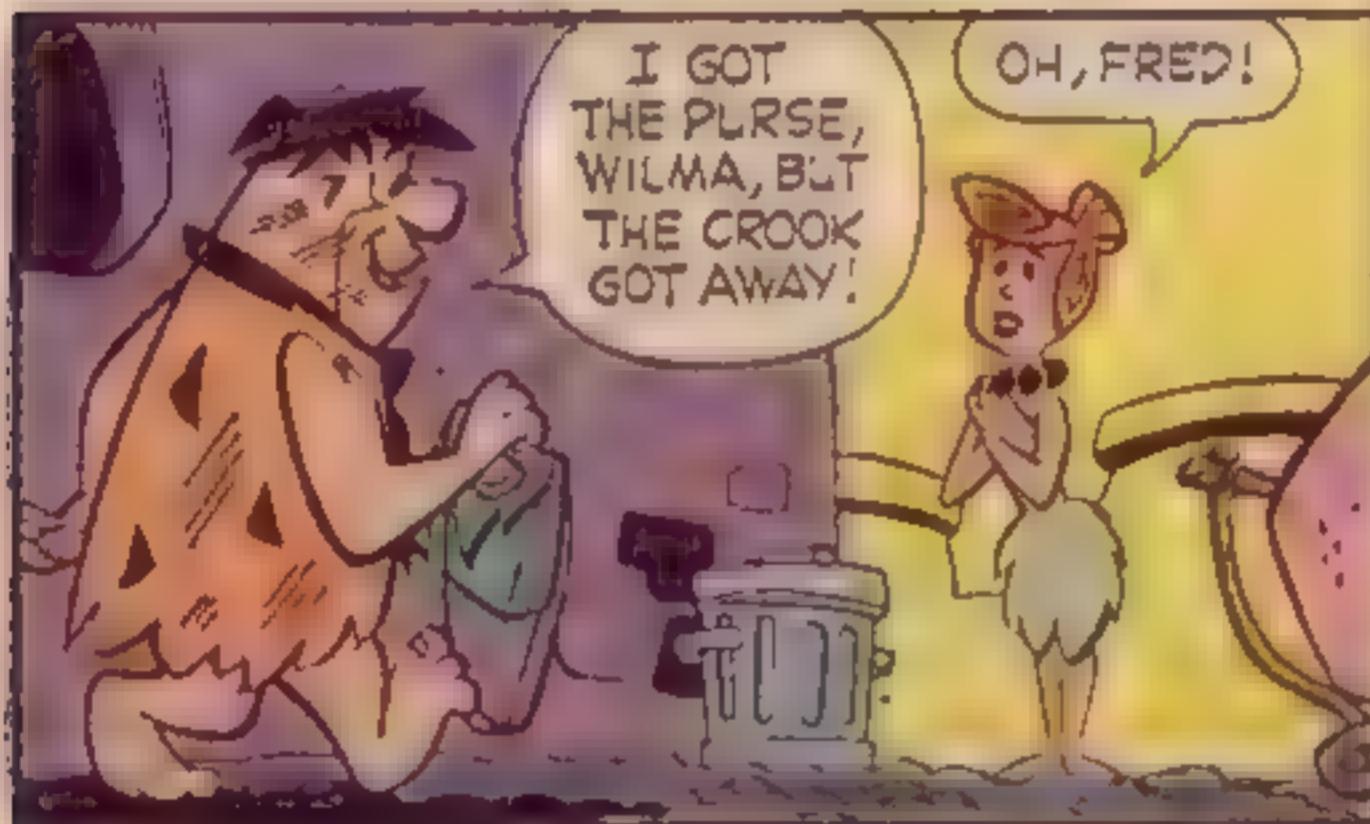
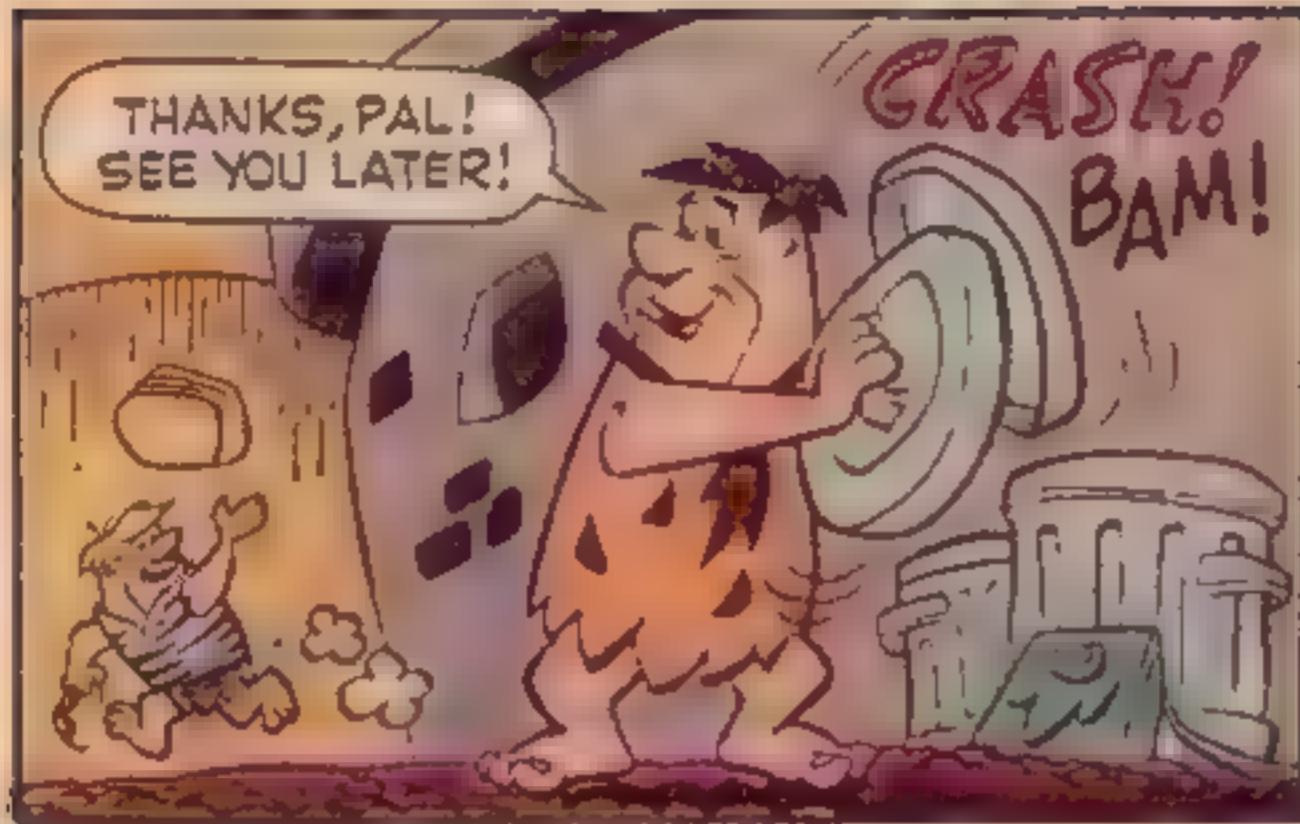
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

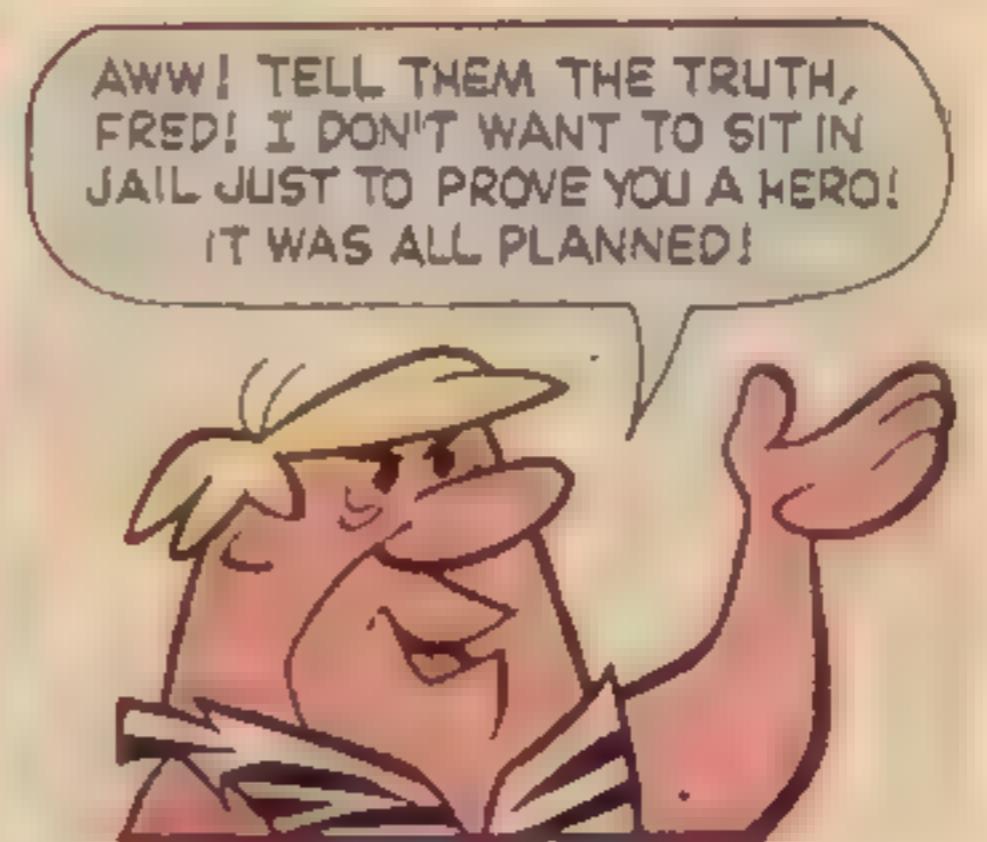
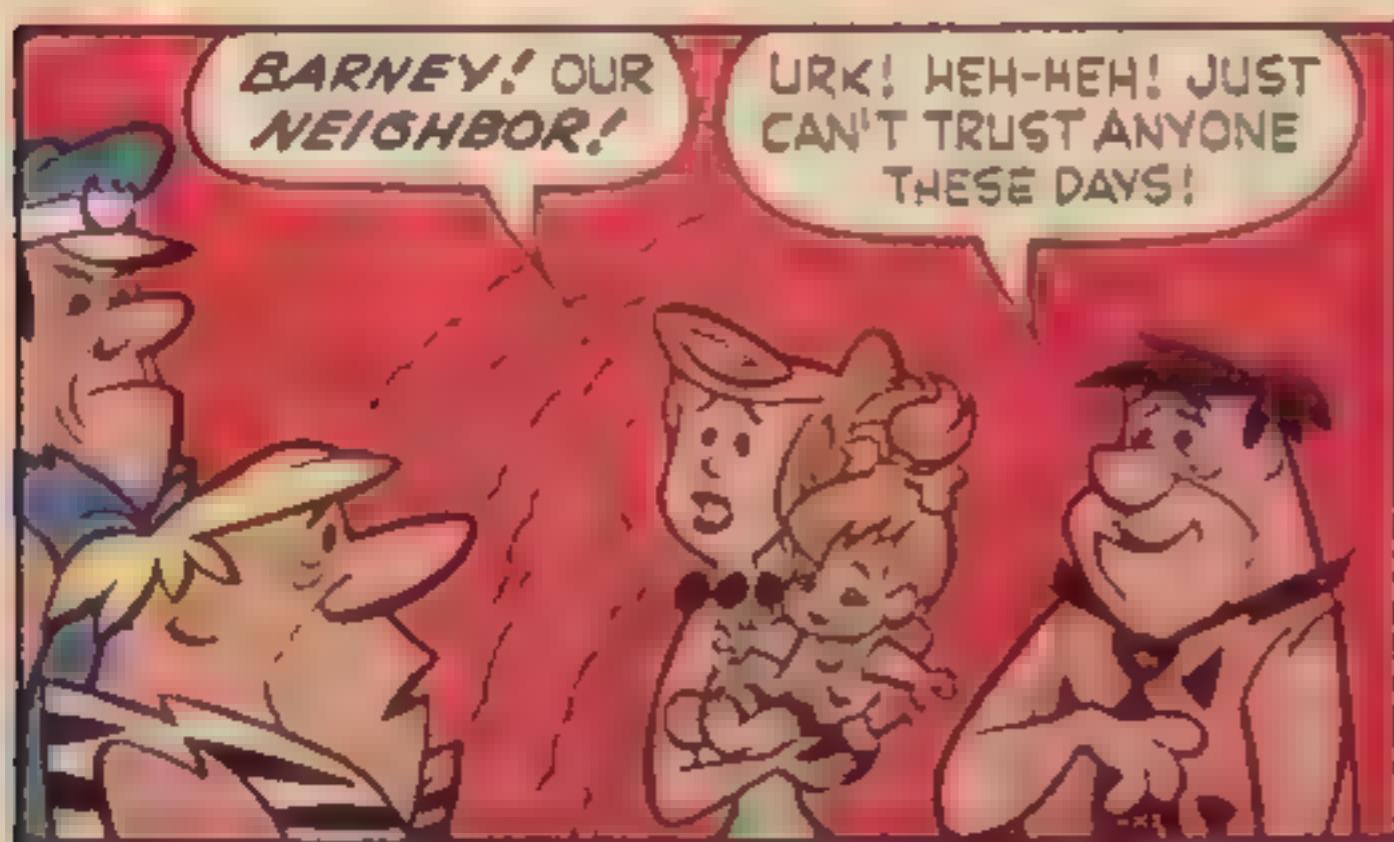
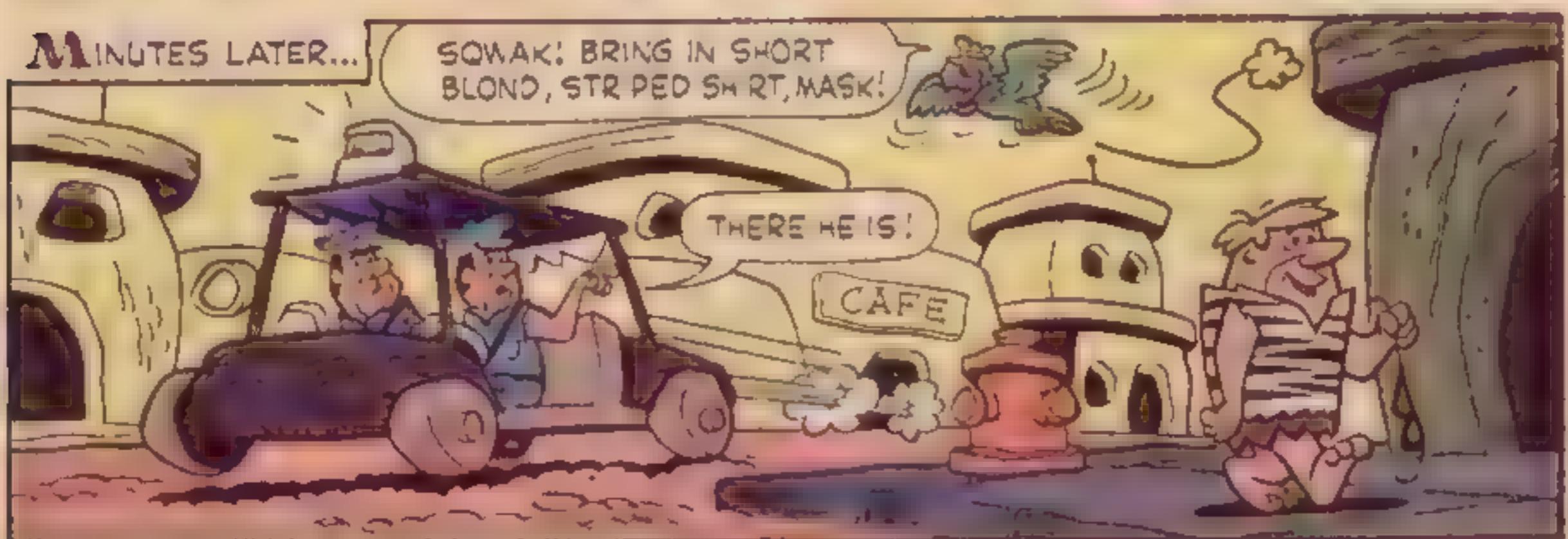
THE CHICKEN-TYPE KNIGHT



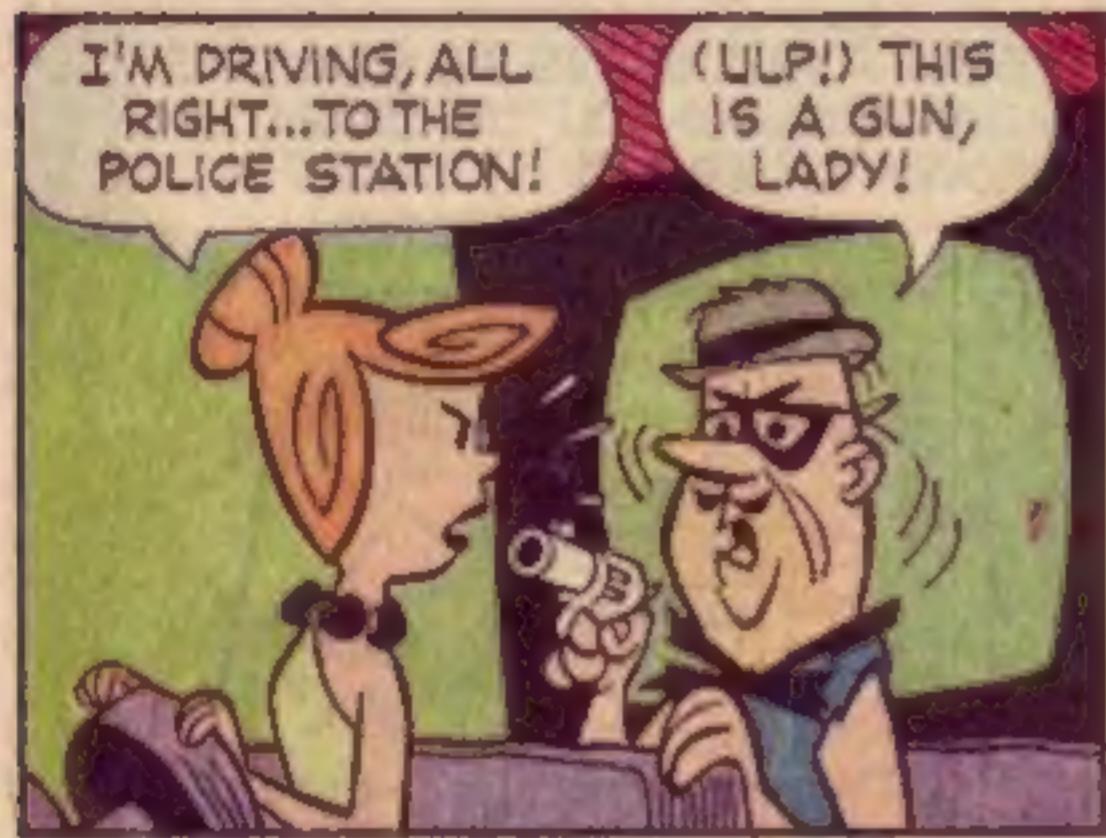


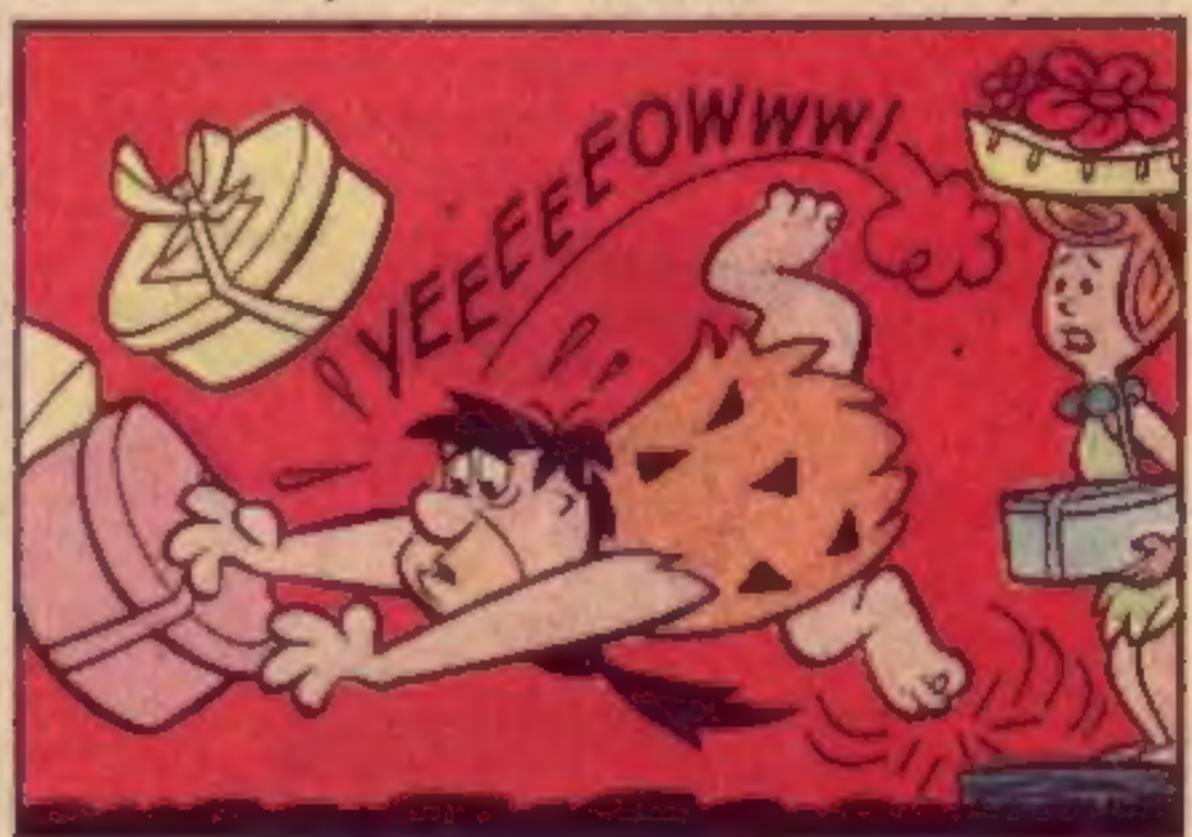
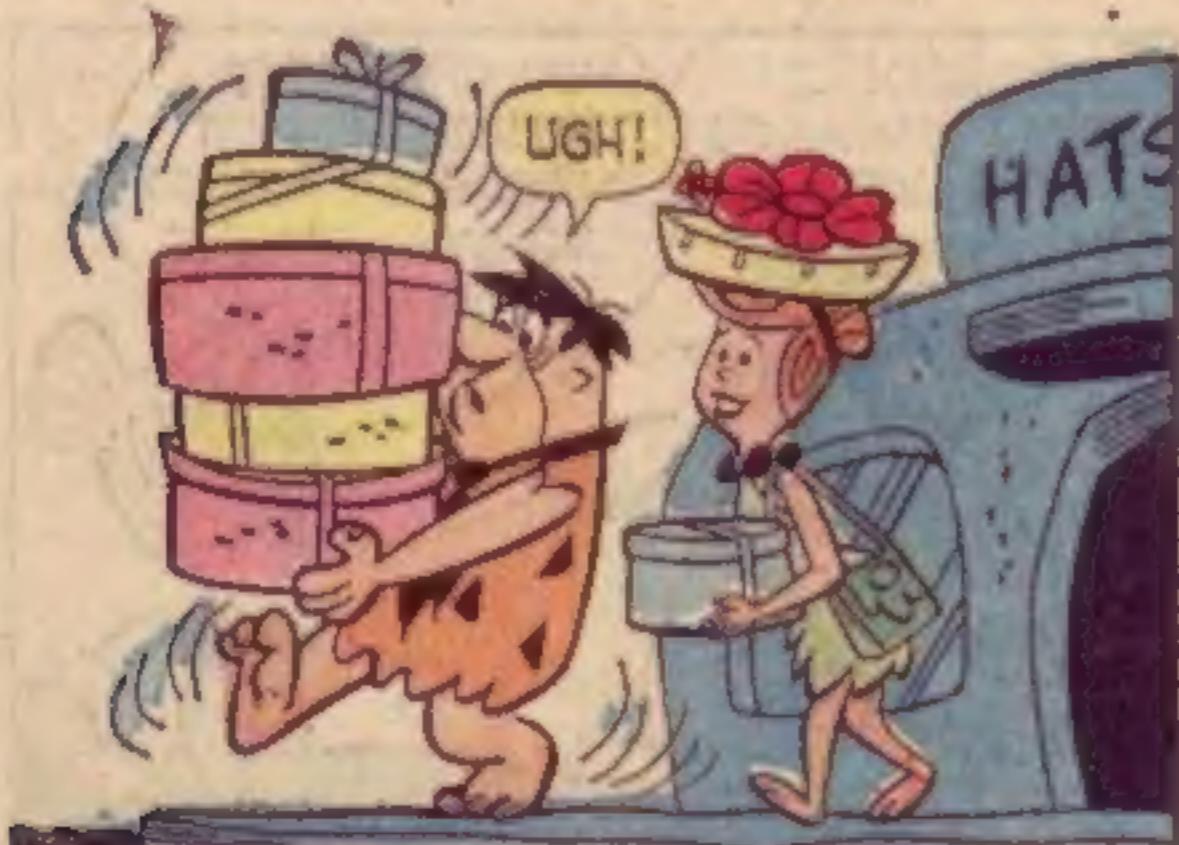














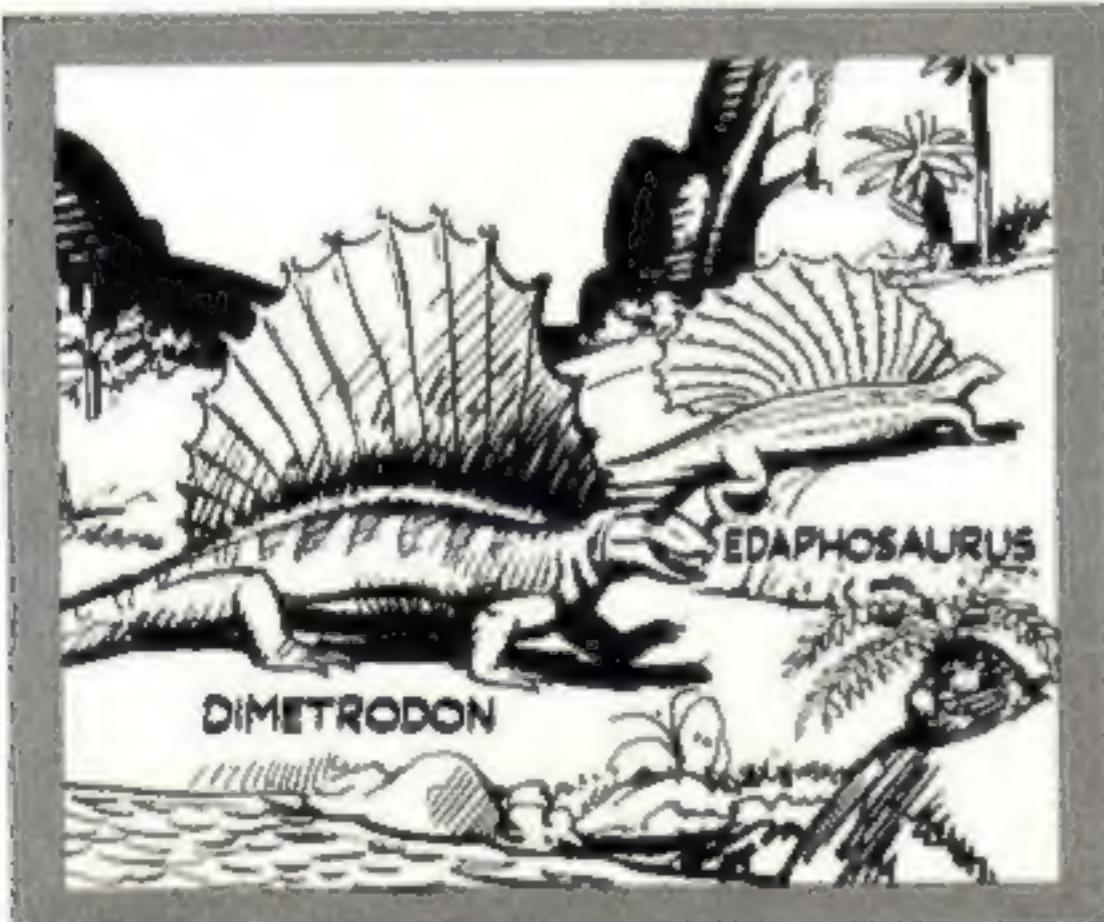
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS

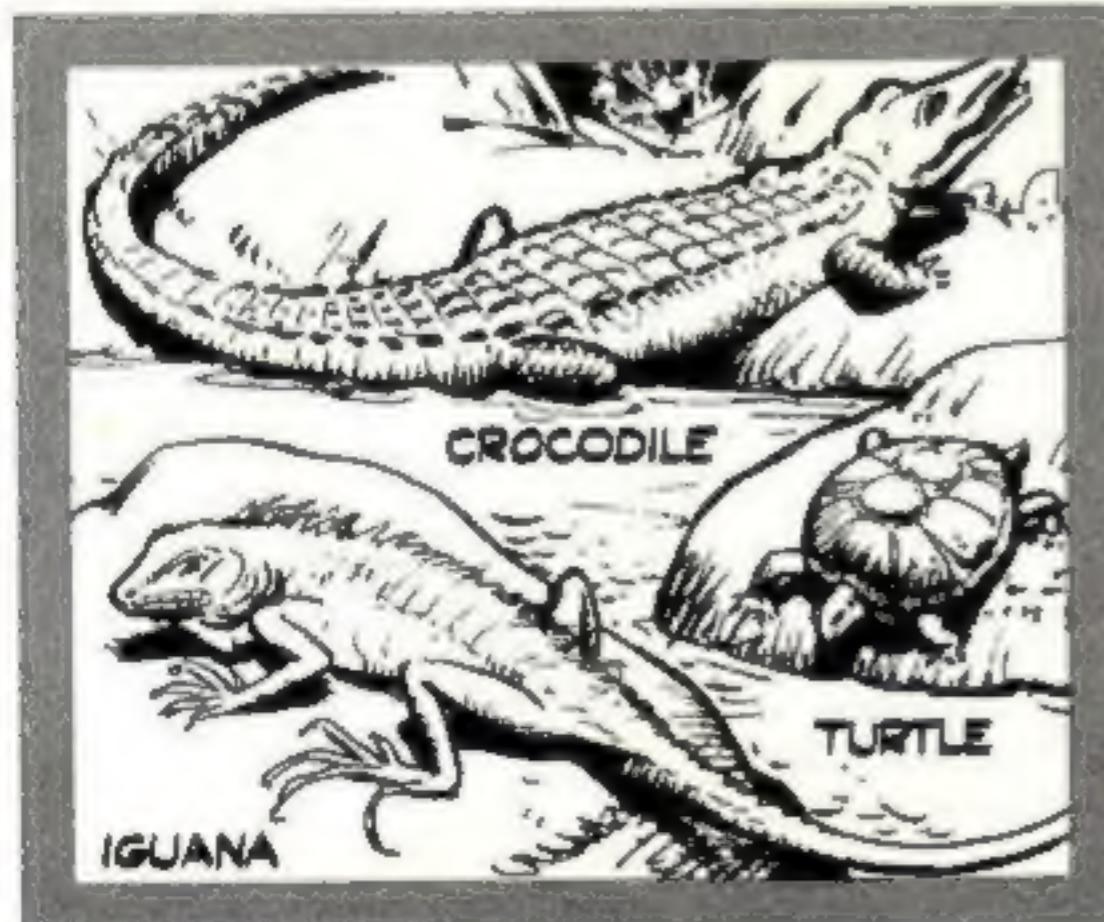
NUMBER 3

THE LAND REPTILES

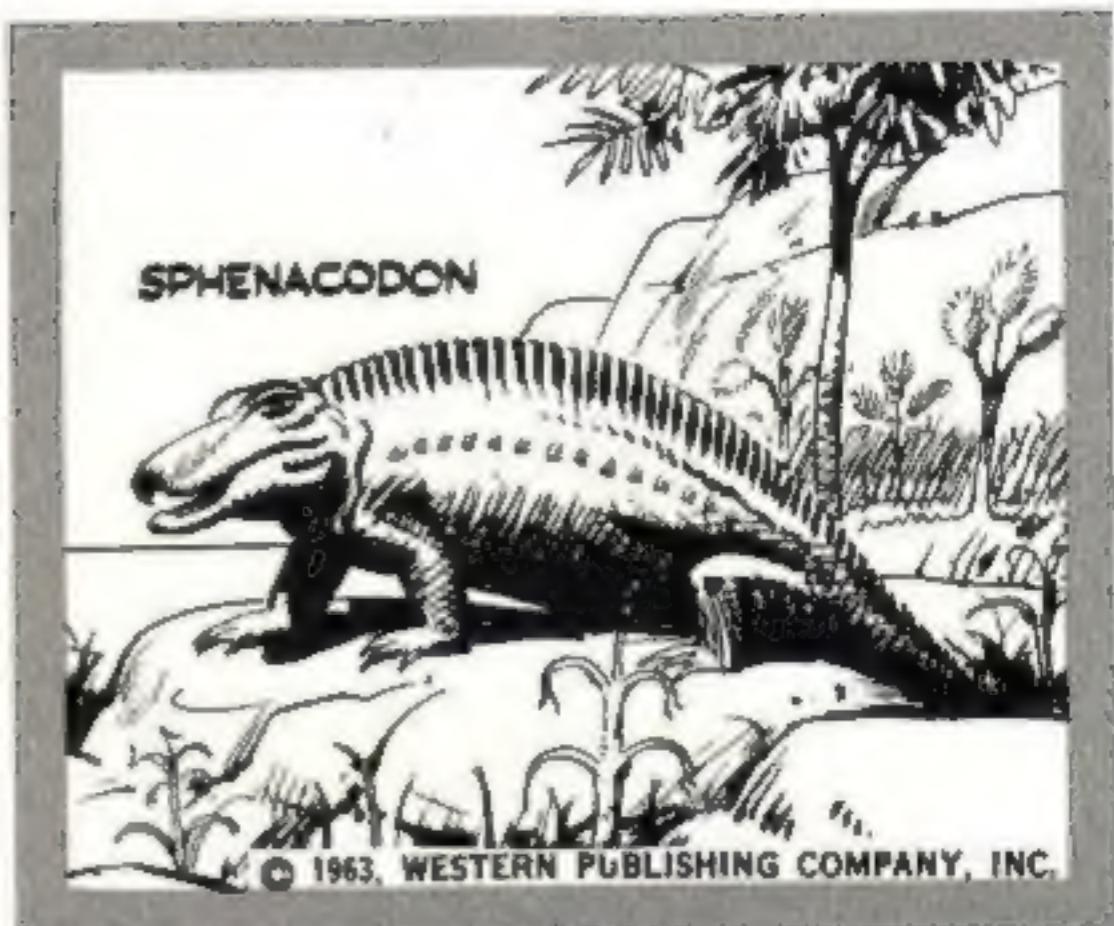
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



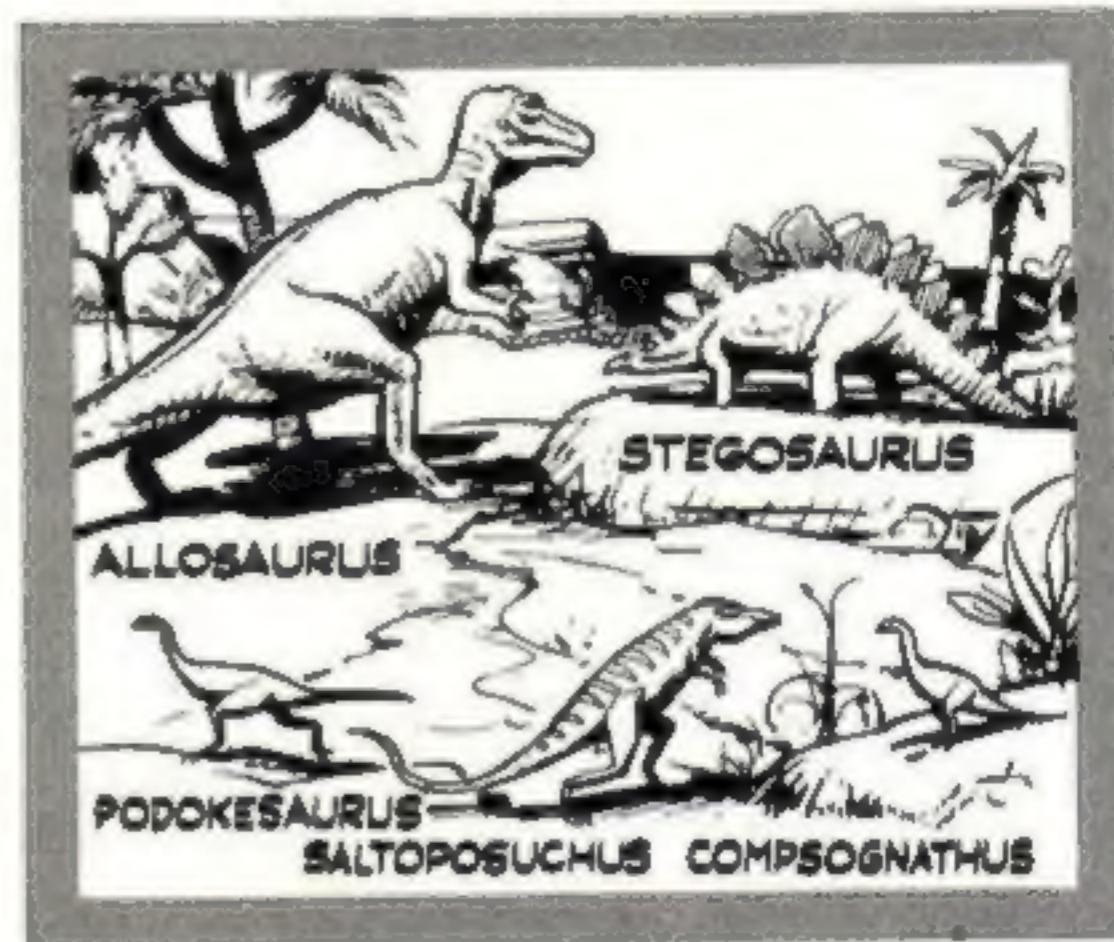
Newer, more active reptiles developed: some were meat eaters like Dimetrodon, and herb eaters, 200 million years ago.



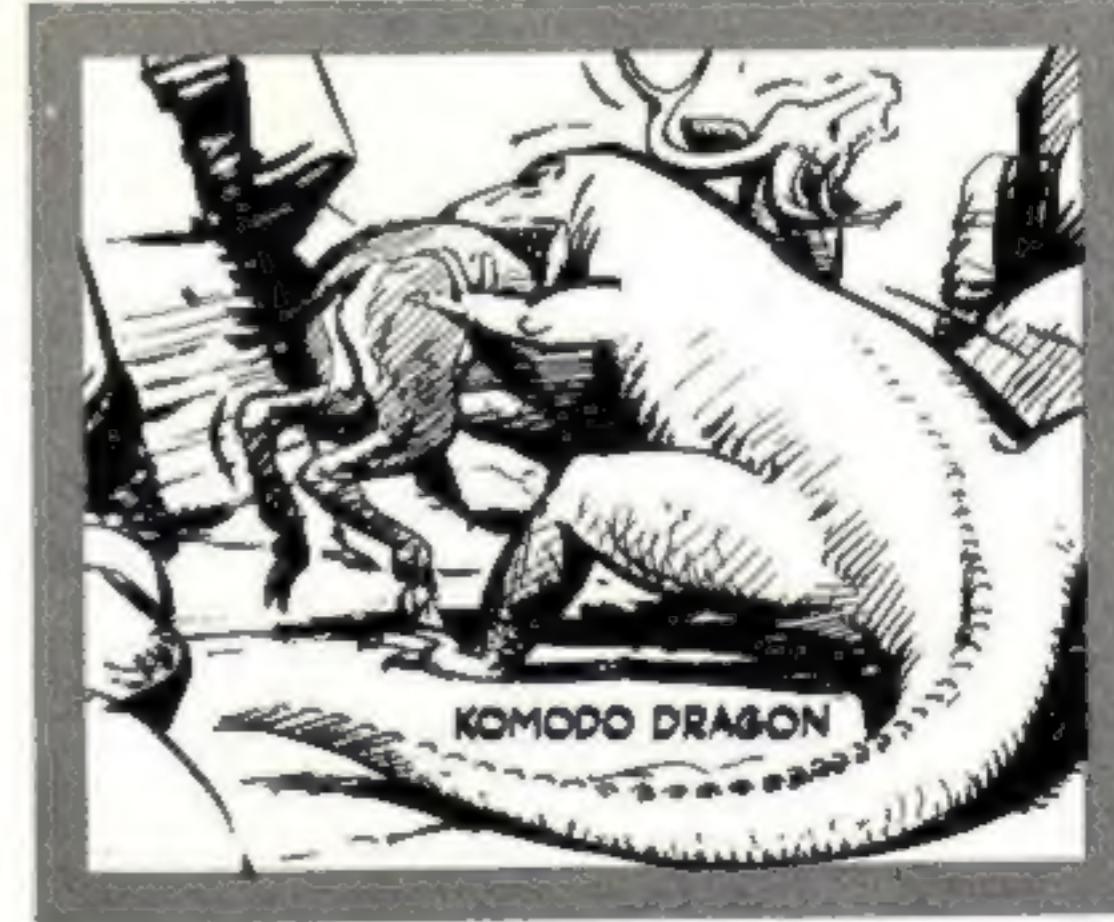
Some of these ancient species live today in the turtles, crocodiles, iguanas and other reptiles. The others disappeared long ago.



After the amphibians (who were hatched in the water and ate fish), the first authentic, and also land-loving reptiles appeared.



In the next 100 million years (the Mesozoic era) many reptiles made their appearance—big and little, some swift, some slow.



The Komodo Dragon of the East Indies is a living type of dinosaur! He grows 10 feet long and will attack even a deer!